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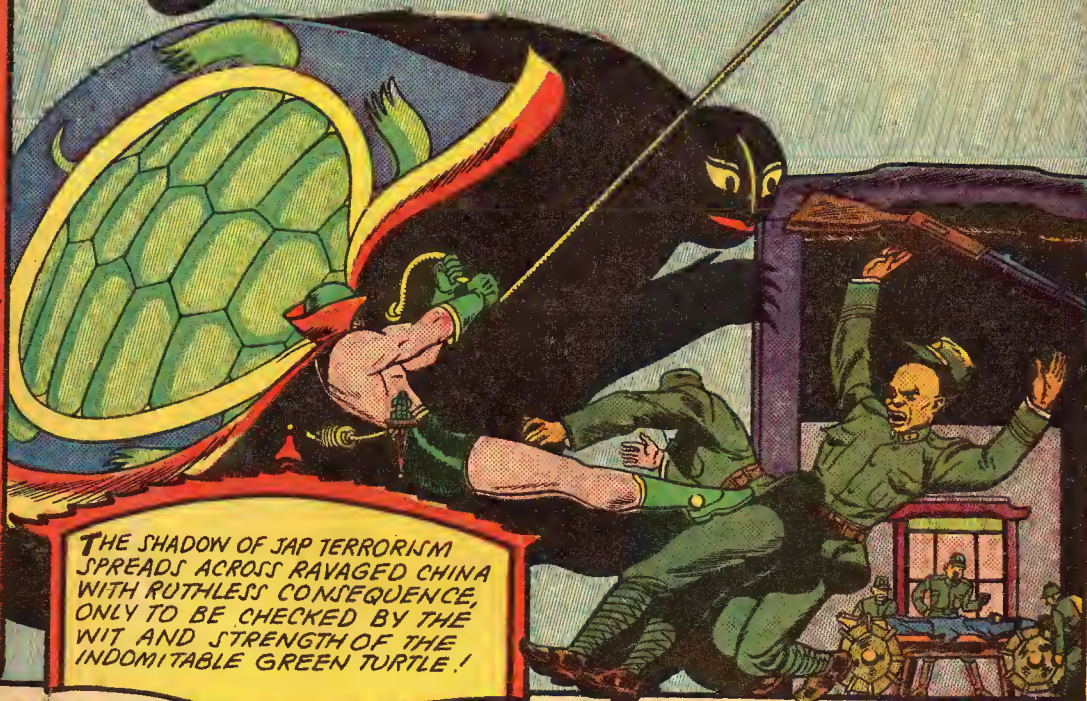
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THE GREEN TURTLE



THE SHADOW OF JAP TERRORISM
SPREADS ACROSS RAVAGED CHINA
WITH RUTHLESS CONSEQUENCE,
ONLY TO BE CHECKED BY THE
WIT AND STRENGTH OF THE
INDOMITABLE GREEN TURTLE!

GREEN TURTLE HAD RESCUED RA-TING AND BURMA BOY
FROM THE JAPANESE TROOPS AND WE FIND THEM NOW IN
THE MOUNTAIN DEN OF THE GREEN TURTLE

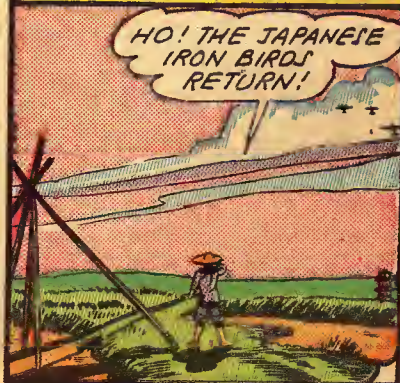
REFRESH YOURSELVES NOW AND I'LL
TELL YOU HOW I CAME TO BE THE
GREEN TURTLE!

AH-- IT IS BELIEVED
THAT A GOOD STORY
HELPS ONE TO GOOD
DIGESTION.



MEANWHILE, FORTY AIR MILES
DISTANT, LAI CHU IS SERENELY
PLOWING HIS FIELDS WHEN...

HO! THE JAPANESE
IRON BIRDS
RETURN!



SIX MORE -- THAT WOULD BE TWENTY FOUR IN ALL TODAY!



THE CHINESE GUERRILLA LEADER WILL BE MOST HAPPY TO HEAR OF THESE ACTIVITIES AND THE PLACE OF THE NEW ENEMY AIRFIELD!



GREETINGS, WIFE! THIS IS A HAPPY DAY! I HAVE RICH INFORMATION TO AID THE CHINESE CAUSE!



LAI CHU HASTILY UNCOVERS A SECRET SHORT WAVE RADIO -- NOT TAKING TIME IN HIS IMPATIENCE, TO NOTICE HIS WIFE'S FRIGHT AND APPREHENSION!

CALLING HEADQUARTERS X-C-L! CALLING...

CHU--- MY HUSBAND!



AND AT THE OTHER END...

AGENT G-H-L REPORTING POSITION OF NEW ENEMY BASE--LISTEN CLOSELY!



THEN--

SILENCE THE DOG!

HONORABLE BUDDHA! WHAT...?

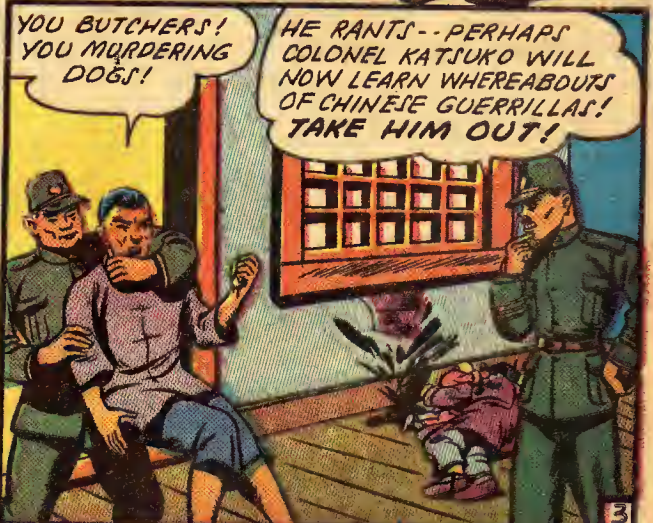
CHU-- RUN!



I DARED NOT WARN YOU! THEY HOLD OUR DAUGHTER HOSTAGE!

WE HAVE LONG SUSPECTED YOU, LAI CHU! IT GIVES ME PLEASURE TO TRAP YOU! MAJOR HOTSU IS CLEVER, NO?





MEANTIME, BACK IN THE LAIR OF THE GREEN TURTLE . . .

NOW, TURTLE, WE ARE IN A HAPPY FRAME OF MIND-- WOULD YOU BEGIN YOUR STORY?

WELL, IT GOES BACK SEVERAL YEARS TO TAKE TIME OFF...



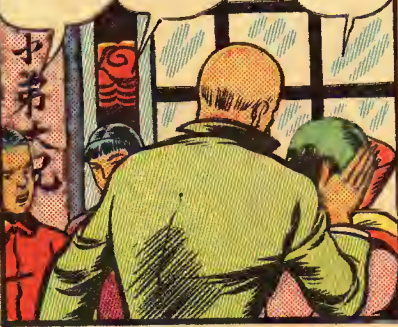
BUT--

TURTLE--I HAVE TRAGIC TIDINGS FOR YOUR EAR!

OH, THIS IS NOT A GOOD START!

SSH, BURMA BOY!

YES, WUN TOO?



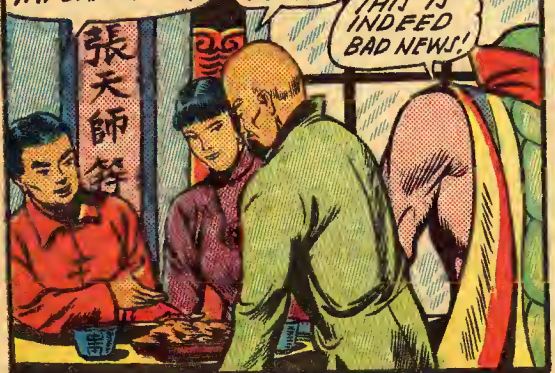
I WAS ON THE SHORT WAVE LISTENING SET WHEN LAI CHU BEGAN HIS REPORT TO HEAD-QUARTERS! HOTSU HAS CAPTURED HIM AND SEAIN HIS WIFE AND CHILD!



BUT, WUN, HOW CAN YOU KNOW THIS? SURELY HOTSU DID NOT SEND THE INFORMATION?

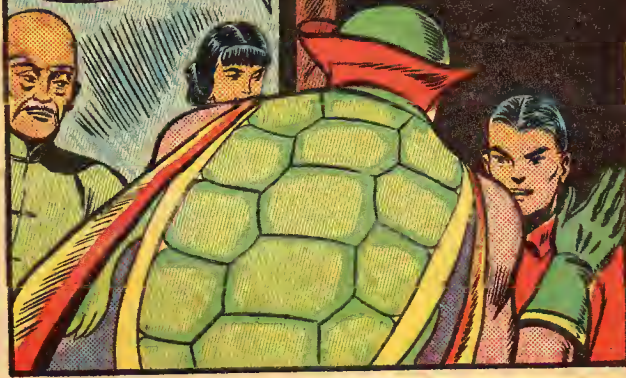
WISELY, LAD, CHU LEFT THE KEY OPEN AND ALL THAT PASSED REACHED MY SORROWING EARS!

THIS IS INDEED BAD NEWS!



I MUST LEAVE AT ONCE! PERHAPS I CAN HELP LAI CHU BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE! NO, BURMA BOY, YOU CAN'T COME THIS TIME!

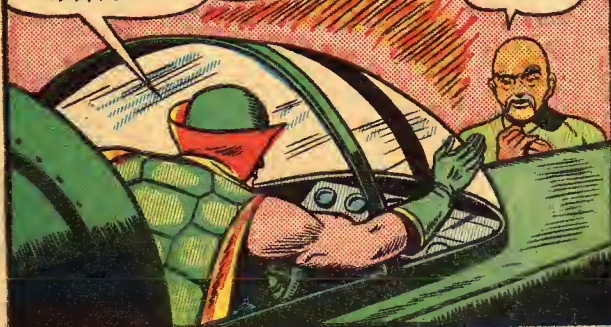
BUT, PLEASE-- THIS IS MY FIGHT, TOO, TURTLE!



GREEN TURTLE PREPARES TO SET OUT IN HIS STRANGE ROCKET PLANE . . .

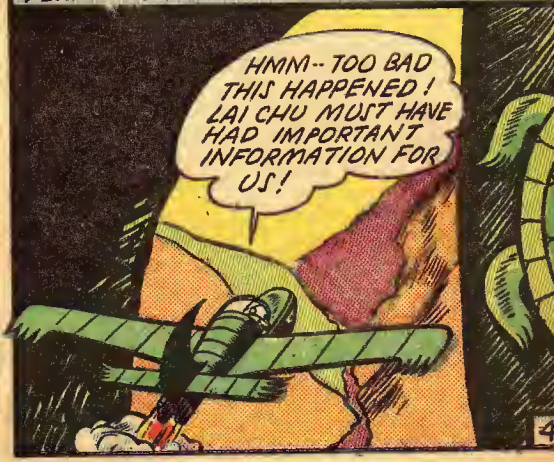
WUN TOO, CONTACT GUERRILLA HEADQUARTERS AND MAKE CERTAIN THEY ARE WELL INFORMED ON THIS MATTER!

I WILL, GREEN TURTLE! GOOD LUCK!



A THUNDEROUS ROAR ECHOES DEEP IN THE MOUNTAIN LAIR AS THE ROCKET PLANE SHOOT'S FORWARD!

HMM-- TOO BAD THIS HAPPENED! LAI CHU MUST HAVE HAD IMPORTANT INFORMATION FOR US!

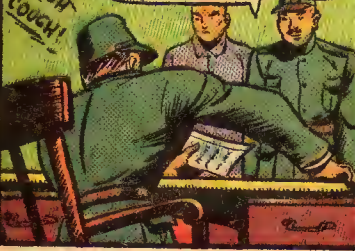


MEANWHILE, CHU IS BROUGHT BEFORE MAJOR KATSUKO...

(COUGH) HA! YOU BROUGHT THE INFIDEL... GOOD!
(COUGH, COUGH)

YES, COLONEL, AS YOU ORDERED! I NOTE YOUR COUGH IS AGAIN TROUBLING YOU!

COUGH
COUGH!



IT IS NOT GOOD--YOU HAVE MORE OF THAT MIXTURE YOU PRESCRIBED FOR ME?

INDEED--HERE IS A BOTTLE--IT WILL RELIEVE YOU!



HA! THAT'S BETTER ALREADY! NOW, IS THIS CLOD PREPARED TO SPEAK?

STRONGER MEASURES ARE IN ORDER--HE REFUSES TO DIVULGE THE LOCATION OF THE GUERRILLA FORCE!



KATSUKO GIVES ORDERS WHICH ARE SWIFTLY CARRIED OUT. LAI CHU IS STRAPPED TO A DEVILISH CONTRAPTION...

YES, COLONEL, I THINK THAT HE WILL SOON TELL ALL HE KNOWS!

I KNOW NOTHING--I CANNOT TALK!

AH, NOW--WE KNOW BETTER THAN TO BELIEVE YOU, STUPID ONE!



CHU EXPERIENCES EXCRUCIATING PAIN AS THE INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE IS APPLIED!

HO--DO HIS CRIES TELL YOU ANYTHING YET, HOTSU?

NO--NOT YET! HE STILL SPEAKS OF MERCY!

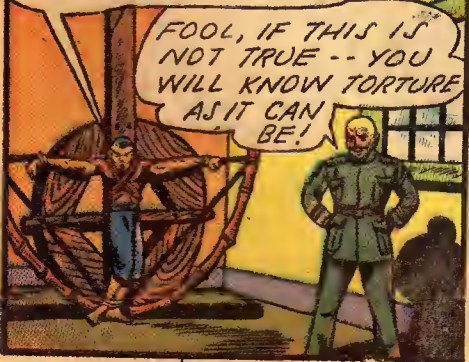
YAGHHHHH!



THE TREMENDOUS PAIN IS FINALLY TOO MUCH FOR THE BRAVE PATRIOT TO BEAR--

STOP! STOP! THE GUERRILLAS (JOB) HOLD SHANGHA HILL (JOB) NOW LEAVE ME TO DIE!

FOOL, IF THIS IS NOT TRUE--YOU WILL KNOW TORTURE AS IT CAN BE!

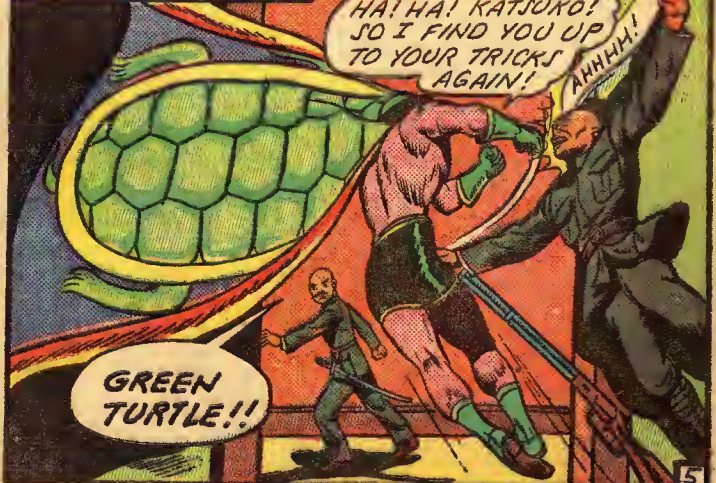


BUT, A WEIRD SHADOW SUDDENLY DESCENDS UPON THE SCENE...

HA! HA! KATSUKO! SO I FIND YOU UP TO YOUR TRICKS AGAIN!

ANHHH!

GREEN TURTLE!!



THE GREEN TURTLE PROCEEDS WITH HIS AVENGING ACTION!

TWO HALF-WITS SHOULD MAKE A WHOLE! GET TOGETHER, YOU SNAKES!



I'LL HAVE YOU LOOSE IN A JIFFY, CHU!

IT IS TOO LATE, TURTLE! I HAVE BETRAYED ALL-- I WOULD NOT LIVE EVEN IF I COULD!



POOR CHU-- NO MAN SHOULD BE EXPECTED TO SUFFER SO MUCH IN THE BODY AND ENDURE AGONIES ALSO IN HIS SOUL!

HE DOES NOT SEE ME-- I WILL SLAY HIM, AS HE STANDS!



BUT THE JAP SOLDIER'S PLANS ARE UPSET BY A SURPRISE ATTACK FROM BURMA BOY!

WATCH OUT, TURTLE!

WHA-- BURMA BOY!! HOW IN ... WELL, THANKS!



I WON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS-- YOU'VE JUST SAVED MY LIFE!

NICE WALLOP, TURTLE-- I WISH I COULD HIT LIKE THAT!



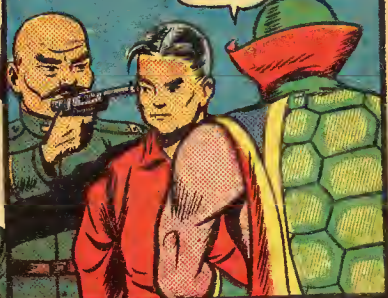
HA! THE BOY!

KATSUKO ACTS SWIFTLY--

STOP, GREEN TURTLE, OR THE BOY DIES OF A BULLET THROUGH HIS HEAD!

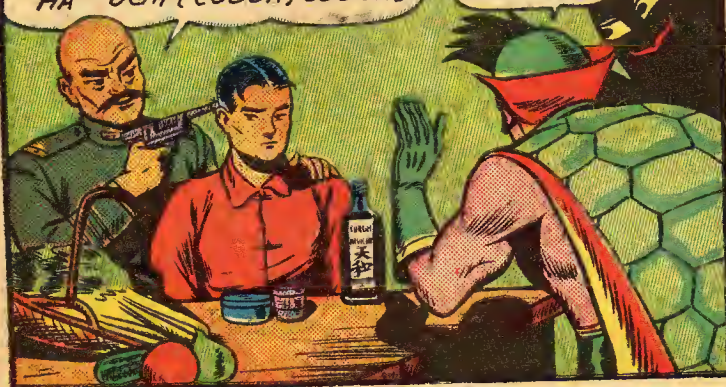
DON'T LISTEN!

OKAY, KATSUKO, YOU'VE GOT ME!



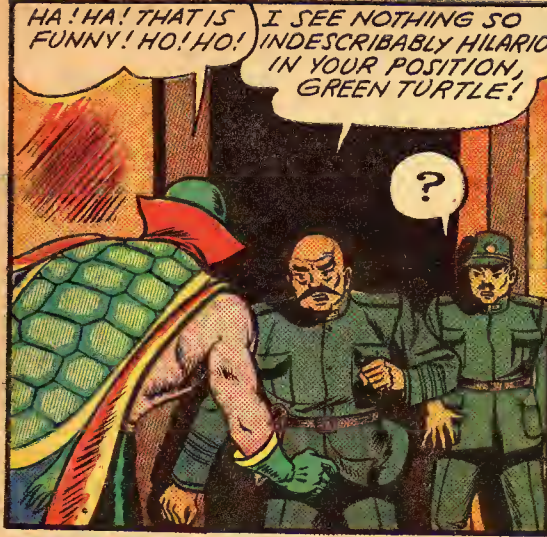
IN THIS LITTLE SCENE, ONE SEES THE WEAKNESS OF YOUR SIDE, TURTLE! THAT YOU SHOULD BE STOPPED FOR FEAR OF DEATH TO A CHINESE GUTTERNOISE! HA - UGH (COUGH, COUGH)

HO, KATSUKO, SO YOUR COUGH IS WITH YOU AGAIN! YOU SHOULDN'T GET SO EXCITED!



IT IS ONLY THAT THE CLIMATE OF SOUTH CHINA DOES NOT AGREE WITH ME! BUT MAJOR HOTSU IS A MEDICAL MAN AND HE GIVES ME A FINE PRESCRIPTION!





HA! HA! THAT IS FUNNY! HO! HO!

I SEE NOTHING SO INDESCRIBABLY HILARIOUS IN YOUR POSITION, GREEN TURTLE!

?



NOT MINE, COLONEL--YOURS! MAJOR HOTSU HAS BEEN DOSING YOU WITH A MIXTURE OF BARBITOL AND ACETIDIN... POWERFUL HEART DITURGENTS! YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN DEAD WEEKS AGO!

WHAT!



SUDDENLY...

HERE, HAVE SOME MORE!

ASHHHHH!

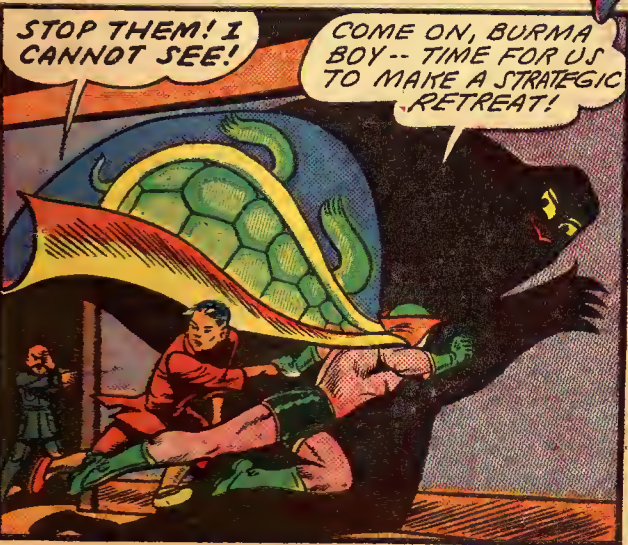


THEN, GRABBING ANOTHER BOTTLE, GREEN TURTLE PRESCRIBES IT FOR ACTSU!

ABOUT TIME YOU BEGAN TAKING IT, MAJOR-- IT WILL EVENTUALLY CURE ONE OF ANY ILL!



YAGHHHH!



STOP THEM! I CANNOT SEE!

COME ON, BURMA BOY-- TIME FOR US TO MAKE A STRATEGIC RETREAT!



THE TWO MAKE IT TO THE HIDDEN ROCKET PLANE UNHARMED!

WHAT NOW, GREEN TURTLE? SHOULD WE NOT HAVE KILLED THEM?

NO--WE'LL GO TO THE GUERRILLA BASE AT SHANGHO HILL-- I HAVE A PLAN!

MEANWHILE, COLONEL KATSUKO FEARFULLY CONSIDERS TURTLE'S ACCUSATION OF HOTSU!

SEIZE MAJOR HOTSU AND PLACE HIM UNDER ARREST!

COLONEL -- YOU DON'T BELIEVE... BUT, SURELY...

I DO BELIEVE, MAJOR -- PARTICULARLY WHEN I CONSIDER THAT YOU WOULD OBTAIN TO MY RANK WERE I TO DIE! HERE IS THE SUMARI SWORD!

BUT -- IT'S A LIE! WHY HE'S THE GREEN TURTLE! WOULD YOU TAKE HIS WORD?

THE SLEEK, CURVED BLADE DESCENDS UNERRINGLY ON THE HAPLESS JAP MAJOR!

YES, I WOULD TAKE HIS WORD! HE WOULD NOT LIE EVEN TO ME!

ASSEMBLE THE TROOPS, LIEUTENANT! WE MOVE ON SHANGHO HILL AT ONCE!

YES, HONORABLE COLONEL!

SOON -- FORWARD, SONS OF HEAVEN! WE ATTACK THE BIRDS IN THEIR NEST!

BANZAI!

AS THE JAP TROOPS MOVE THROUGH THE COUNTRY SIDE, A BULLET SUDDENLY WINGS THROUGH THE AIR AND...

HUH -- WHERE DID THAT...?

ALL BEDLAM BREAKS LOOSE AS THE ADVANCING JAPS ARE ATTACKED BY GREEN TURTLE, BURMA BOY, AND THE CHINESE GUERRILLAS -- FROM THE REAR, WITH ALL HOPE OF RETREAT CUT OFF TO THE SONS OF HEAVEN!

THE GREEN TURTLE AGAIN! GATHER FORCES!

DEATH TO THE INVADER!

GIVE THEM NO QUARTER!



OH, NO! I CANNOT PERMIT YOU TO LET LOOSE A HIVE OF BEES AMONG MY FRIENDS!



BUT, EVEN AS BURMA BOY ELIMINATES THE DANGER, KATSUKO DRAWS A BEAD ON HIS HEAD!

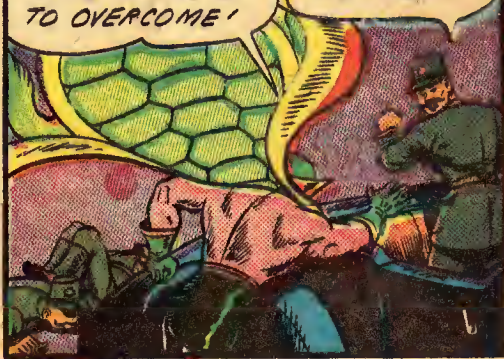


LITTLE FOOL -- HE DIES THIS TIME!

HOWEVER A FLASH OF GREEN SMASHES INTO KATSUKO, SPOILING HIS AIM!

OH, NO! KATSUKO, PICK ON ONE MORE DIFFICULT TO OVERCOME!

GREEN TURTLE! YOU AGAIN!



YES I WOULD FIGHT WITH YOU, GREEN TURTLE! YOU GREEN DEVIL!



YOU SEE, TURTLE -- IT IS NOT SO DIFFICULT TO KILL YOU



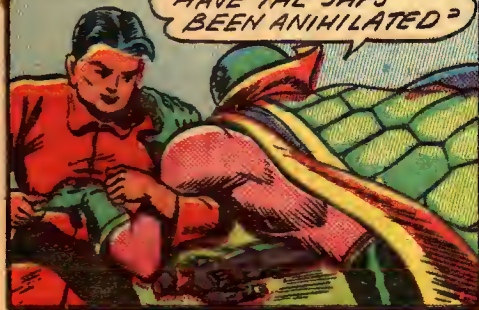
BUT, AS KATSUKO AIMS AT THE SLUMPED FORM OF GREEN TURTLE, MAJOR HOTSUU DRUG TAKES ITS GRIM TOLL AND SAVES THE CHINESE LEADER'S LIFE!



MY HEART! AHH!

WHEW -- THAT WAS CLOSE! IT IS OFTEN SAID THAT EVIL SHALL DESTROY ITSELF! THE TRUTH OF THAT HAS JUST BEEN PROVED!

THANK YOU, BURMA BOY! THE NOISE OF BATTLE HAS STOPPED! HAVE THE JAPS BEEN ANNIHILATED?



SOON GREEN TURTLE AND BURMA BOY ARE HOMEWARD BOUND

YOU SEE BURMA BOY, OUR ONLY CHANCE WAS TO ATTACK THE JAPS FIRST -- IF POSSIBLE FROM THE REAR -- FOR THE ENEMY KNEW OUR POSITION!

NOW I UNDERSTAND TURTLE! WHAT I STILL DO NOT KNOW IS HOW YOU CAME TO BE THE GREEN TURTLE!



THE END.

Tommy Paige

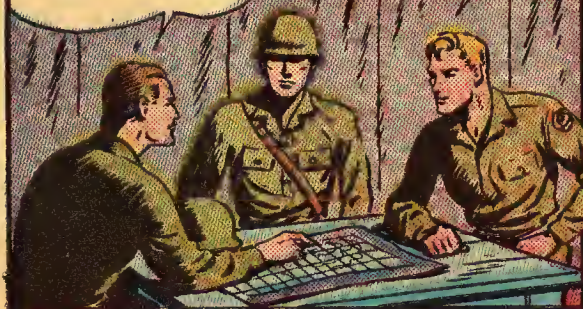
TOMMY PAIGE, MARINE COMBAT CORRESPONDENT, GOES ALONG ON A SCOUTING PARTY BECAUSE HE KNOWS JAPANESE - LITTLE DOES HE DREAM THAT HIS KNOWLEDGE OF THE ENEMY LANGUAGE WILL QUALIFY HIM TO BE AN ATHLETIC DIRECTOR AT A JAP BASE. IT TAKES QUICK THINKING TO GET HIMSELF OUT OF A NASTY SPOT! WELL, HOW WOULD YOU FEEL IF YOU FOUND YOURSELF SURROUNDED BY THOUSANDS OF JAPS? WHAT WOULD YOU DO?



ABOUT MIDNIGHT AT HEADQUARTERS OF THE MARINE UNIT HOLDING A BEACHHEAD...

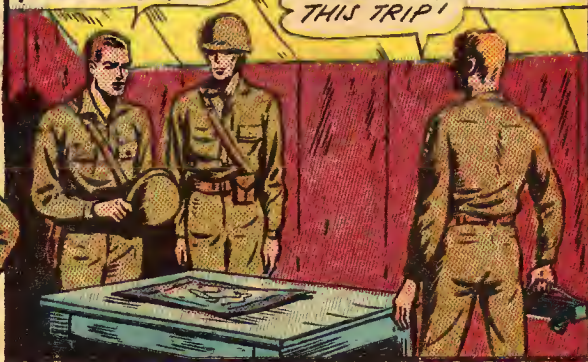
WE'VE SUCCEEDED IN ESTABLISHING OURSELVES HERE BUT THE JAPS STILL HOLD THEIR BASE ON THE OTHER SIDE - THERE, BEYOND THE JUNGLE!

AND IF THEY GET SUPPLIES, THEY'LL BACK US RIGHT INTO THE SEA, EH?



THAT'S RIGHT, PAIGE! I'M TAKING A SMALL PATROL THROUGH THEIR LINES TO GET A BETTER IDEA OF THEIR POSITION! SINCE YOU UNDERSTAND JAPANESE, I WANT YOU TO COME!

OH, SWELL! I MEAN, CERTAINLY SIR! PERHAPS I COULD BE USEFUL BY CARRYING THE WALKIE TALKIE! GUESS I WON'T NEED MY TYPEWRITER THIS TRIP!



ALL RIGHT, MEN -- YOU KNOW HOW VITAL IT IS THAT WE LEARN THE EXACT EXTENT OF THEIR STRENGTH!

YOU BET, SIR!

YES, SIR!



THE GROUP SPLIT AND GO THEIR SEPARATE WAYS! TWENTY MINUTES LATER--

WHEW-- IT'S DARKER'N MIDNIGHT! I CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING EITHER! WONDER IF I COULD HAVE LOST MY BUNCH? HOPE NOT -- I'D BETTER STOP AND LISTEN...



WE SPLIT HERE, BOYS! REMEMBER, OUR RECOGNITION SIGNAL IS "CHATANOOGA"! PAIGE, YOU GO WITH THE BOYS TO THE LEFT-- I'LL HAVE THE OTHER WALKIE TALKIE! DON'T FORGET-- THERE ARE JAPS IN EVERY TREE SO BE QUIET!



OH, GOOD -- THERE THEY ARE! FUNNY... WONDER WHAT THEY'RE TURNING IN THAT DIRECTION FOR?



WE MUST BE CLOSE TO THE JAP LINES-- I'D BETTER WAIT TO ASK QUESTIONS UNTIL IT'S SAFER!

SSH!



Then, AS THE GROUP BREAKS INTO A LIGHTED CLEARING FOR AN INSTANT, TOMMY SEES--

UH! GREAT GUNS!! KEEP QUIET, PAIGE-- YOU'RE IN WITH THE JAPS! AND GOSH, THEY KNOW I'M HERE NOW! I CAN'T JUST DROP OUT!

SSH!



THEN, AS DAWN BEGINS TO BREAK THROUGH THE DENSE JUNGLE GROWTH--

IF I DISAPPEAR, THEY'LL GET WISE THAT WE'RE OUT SCOUTING AND THEY MAY BE ABLE TO CUT THE REST OF THE FELLOWS OFF! BUT, GOJH-- IT'S GETTING LIGHT, AND THEY'LL SOON BE ABLE TO RECOGNIZE MY UNIFORM ANYWAY!



TOMMY DECIDES TO TAKE A BOLD RISK!

JAS XNYBO!

SSH... (JEON JONG) EH...



BUT BEFORE THE SURPRISED JAP CAN GIVE A WARNING, TOMMY HAS HIM SILENCED!

GOOD-- THAT LITTLE SPEECH DROPPED US FAR ENOUGH BEHIND THE REST FOR ME TO GET AWAY WITH THIS, I HOPE!



THIS MAY NOT BE THE KIND OF JU-JITSU THE MARINES LEARN, BUT IT WORKED!



HUH-- TOMMY PAIGE IN A JAP UNIFORM! HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? WELL, I'M A SERGEANT ANYWAY-- THAT'S NOT BAD FOR A BEGINNER!



MEANTIME --

HOLD-- WHERE IS THE SERGEANT WHO HELD REAR GUARD POSITION? DID ANYONE HEAR SOUNDS OF STRUGGLE?



TOMMY RUSHES UP IN TIME TO AVERT A SEARCH...

SO... WE APPROACH CAMP AND YOU LEAVE FORMATION! WHY, PLEASE?

A SUSPICIOUS SOUND ATTRACTED MY ATTENTION, HONORABLE SIR! IT WAS NOTHING, I AM HAPPY TO REPORT!



MINUTES LATER --

PATROL OF
LIEUTENANT HOKADO
RETURNING! ALL
IS IN ORDER!

HOPE THIS MUD ON
MY FACE KEEPS
FOOLIN' THEM! GOSH,
THIS PLACE IS ALIVE
WITH JAPS! NO WONDER
OUR OFFENSIVES HAVEN'T
ACCOMPLISHED ANYTHING!



TOMMY GETS A SCARE AS THE LIEUTENANT
SINGLES HIM OUT- BUT ...

SERGEANT, YOU WILL
MAKE REPORT ON THE
PATROL AND TAKE IT
TO COMMANDING
GENERAL, PLEASE!

YES, SIR!
AT ONCE!



I WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE
WRITING A REPORT IN
JAPANESE, BUT WHERE
IN HECK DO THEY KEEP
THEIR GENERALS
AROUND HERE?

WELL, I'LL TRY ANYTHING
ONCE--IF THEY DON'T
GET A REPORT, THEY'LL
GET SUSPICIOUS! HMM-
THIS LOOKS AS GOOD A
PLACE TO KEEP
GENERALS AS ANY!

THAT IS THE REPORT, SERGEANT.
I WILL TAKE IT TO GENERAL
KOMMA!

NO! MY SUPERIOR
OFFICER HAS ORDERED
THAT I TAKE IT TO
THE HONORABLE GENERAL
PERSONALLY! ONE SIDE!



AH, THE REPORT! TELL
ME, DID YOU ---
WHA --- YOU ARE
NOT --- **HE** ---

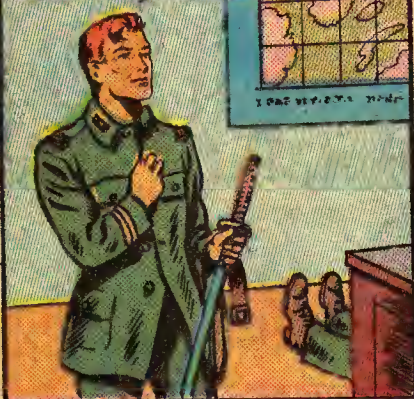
SURE DID!
WATCH!



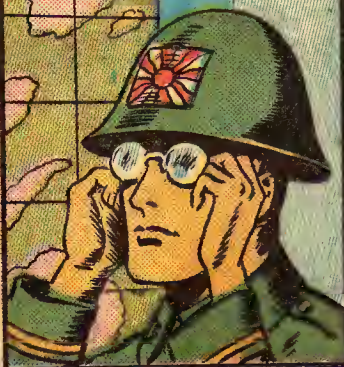
WHAT'S THE MATTER, GENERAL?
DON'T YOU LIKE IT WHEN
THE ODDS ARE
EVEN? IT WON'T
MATTER--TO
YOU NOW!



HUH-- FAST ADVANCEMENT FOR A SMART FELLOW IN THIS JAP ARMY! FROM SERGEANT TO GENERAL IN ONE SWING!



GOH, THESE LENSES ARE STRONG! HOPE I DON'T BREAK MY NECK WEARING THEM!



IMPUDENTLY, TOMMY STALKS OUT OF THE OFFICE!

THE SERGEANT IS NOT TO BE DISTURBED -- HE FINISHES AN IMPORTANT REPORT FOR ME!

YESS, GENERAL!



THEN... ORDER ALL THE MEN TO ASSEMBLE ON THE DRILL FIELD! THIS GARRISON BECOMES SOFT!



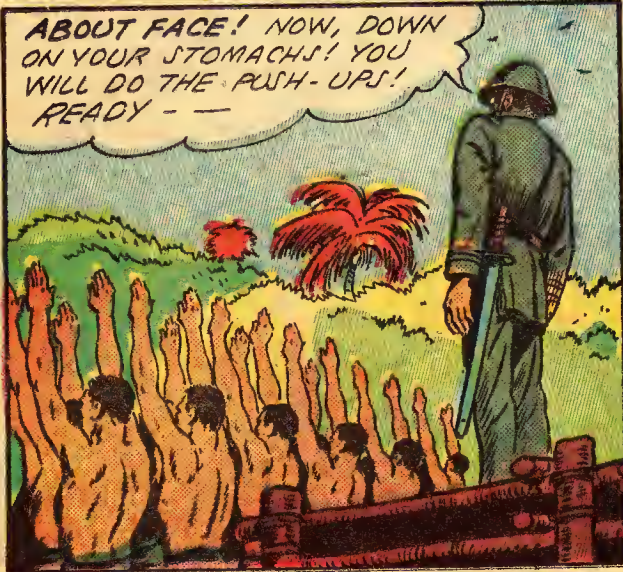
YESS, HONORABLE GENERAL! AT ONCE!

WHEN THE MEN HAVE ASSEMBLED, TOMMY ORDERS THEM TO STRIP TO THE WAIST!

UNTIL SUCH TIME AS THE FIGHTING RECOMMENCES YOU WILL TAKE EXERCISES EACH DAY TO KEEP YOU IN PROPER TRIM!



ABOUT FACE! NOW, DOWN ON YOUR STOMACHS! YOU WILL DO THE PUSH-UPS! READY --



WITH THE ENTIRE GARRISON FACING AWAY FROM HIM, TOMMY PULLS OUT THE WALKIE TALKIE AND CONTACTS THE AMERICANS--

TOMMY PAIGE CALLING AMERICAN PATROL! ADVANCE ON THE JAP CAMP RIGHT NOW, AND YOU CAN CALL IT A BLOODIEN VICTORY! BUT, HURRY!



MINUTES LATER, THE AMERICANS CLOSE IN--

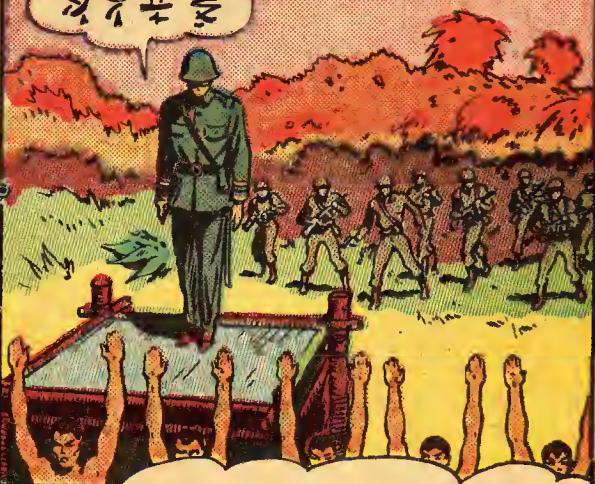
WELL, I'LL BE A SON OF A HOOT OWL! LOOK!

TOMMY SURE MEANT WHAT HE SAID! SAY, WONDER WHERE HE'S HIDING?



MEANWHILE ON THE FIELD...

이것다

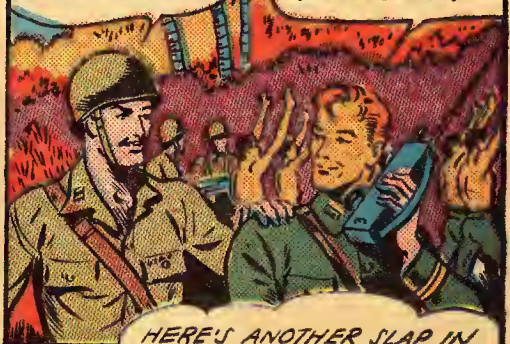


OKAY, BOYS-- KEEP THAT POSITION OR WE'LL BLOW YOU APART! AND, GENERAL, YOU CAN JOIN THEM!

HEY-- I'M NO GENERAL! DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME?



NICE GOING, TOMMY! OKAY, GET BACK TO YOUR JAP. I'LL AMERICAN JOB AND TELL REPORT TO OUR THEM TO BASE THAT WE'RE GET A UNIT BRINGING IN OUT HERE TO PRISONERS! TAKE OVER!



HERE'S ANOTHER SLAP IN THE FACE FOR THE JAPS! TOJO IS GOING TO PUT THIS REPORT INTO THE TOKYO PAPERS! THIS IS ONE TIME THE JAP PEOPLE WILL HEAR THE TRUTH ABOUT THEIR INVINCIBLE "ARMIES!"

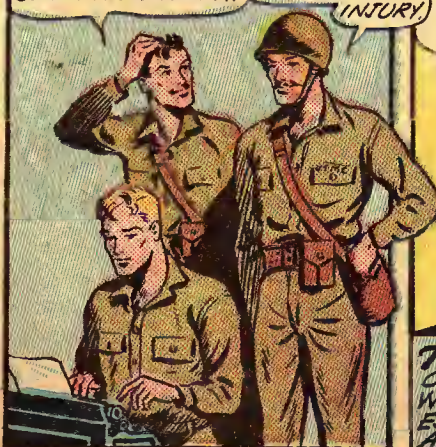
LATER, THE PLANES COME IN CARRYING AMERICAN MEN AND SUPPLIES!

THAT WAS FAST! SAY, I'D BETTER GET MY STORY OUT ON THIS!



LOOK AT THIS GUY!! HE PLAYS JAP GENERALS WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE, THEN SLAMS OUT A STORY ABOUT IT ON A JAP TYPEWRITER!

THAT'S ADDING INSULT TO INJURY!



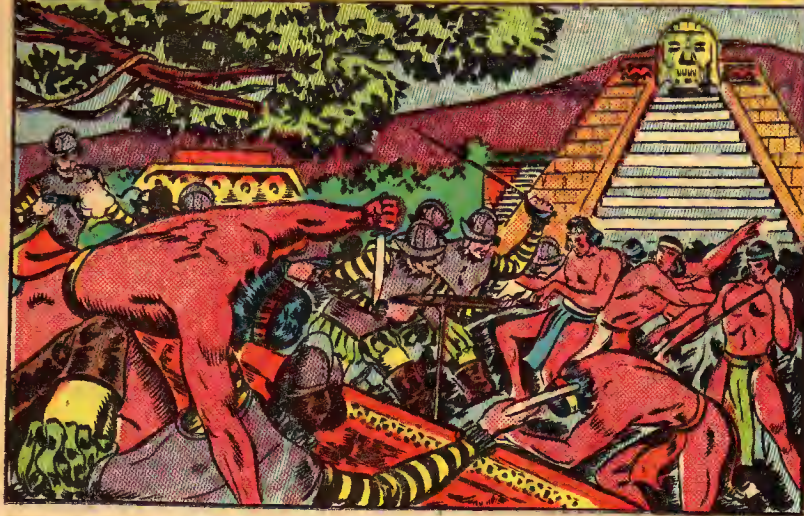
TOMMY PAIGE SEEMS TO BE ONE OF THOSE FELLOWS WHO GETS INTO THE QUERR- EST THINGS-- LOOK FOR HIS NEXT ADVENTURE IN BLAZING COMICS!



BLACK BUCCANEER



MEXICO - AND A BAND OF SPANISH CONQUISTADORES ATTACK THE HELPLESS INDIANS FOR A FABULOUS WEALTH IN GOLD!



LATER, BACK ON THEIR GALLEON...

HAH! THAT WAS EASY AS TAKING CANDY FROM A CHILD! A WHOLE SHIPOAD OF GOLD FOR THE ... ER -- KING!



SUDDENLY...

SAIL HO!



A SHIP? OVERTAKE IT! WE'LL ADD ANOTHER CONQUEST ON THIS GLORIOUS DAY!

HEAVE TO!



WE GAIN LIKE THE HARE ON THE TORTOISE -- NO SHIP ON THE MAIN CAN OUTFRAN MY GALLEON!

SIRE, IT DOESN'T SEEM TO BE TRYING TO ESCAPE! LOOK!...IT IS ALL BLACK!



WHAT? GIVE ME THAT SPY-GLASS! MADRE MIO! IT IS THE RAVEN!



TURN ABOUT! WE CHASE THE ACCURSED BLACK BUCCANEER!

IT'S TOO LATE-- WE'RE ALMOST UPON THEM!



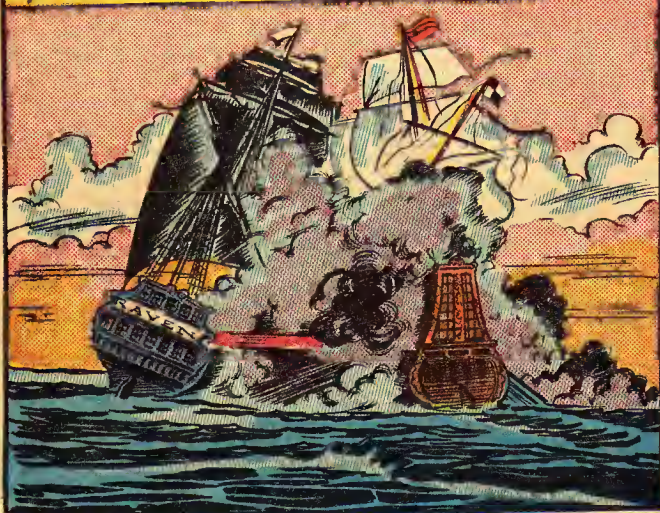
MEANWHILE, ON THE RAVEN...

THEY SEEM TO HAVE RECOGNIZED US, BORIS! NOW WE'LL GIVE THEM THE TROUBLE THEY ARE LOOKING FOR! OPEN FIRE!

THE RABBIT WOULD FLEE THE RAVEN... AIM YOUR FIRE AT THE WATER LINE!



THE RAVEN SCORES AN EASY VICTORY!



CAPTAIN SCOTT, THE BLACK BUCCANEER-BOARDS THE SPANIARD...



LOOK AT TH' CAP'N LOOKIN' OVER TH' GALLEY SLAVES, 'OPING TO FIND 'IS BROTHER!

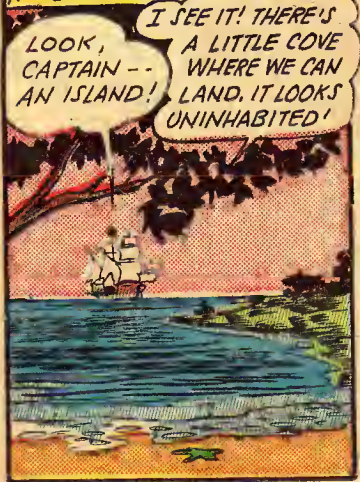
SEEMS LIKE A LOST 'OPE TO ME! ANYWAY, WE GOT A SHIPFUL OF AZTEC GOLD!

WE'VE FINISHED BOARDING THE LOOT, BORIS- GIVE THE SPANIARD HIS SHIP AND LET'S BE OFF!

HE GIVES ME BACK A CRIPPLED SHIP AND SCARCELY ENOUGH MEN TO MAN IT... I WILL HAVE REVENGE! I, DON FERNANDO Y PERARA, SWEAR IT!! WILL HAVE REVENGE ON THE BLACK BUCCANEER!



THE SPANISH SHIP STAGGERS ACROSS THE SEAS UNTIL...



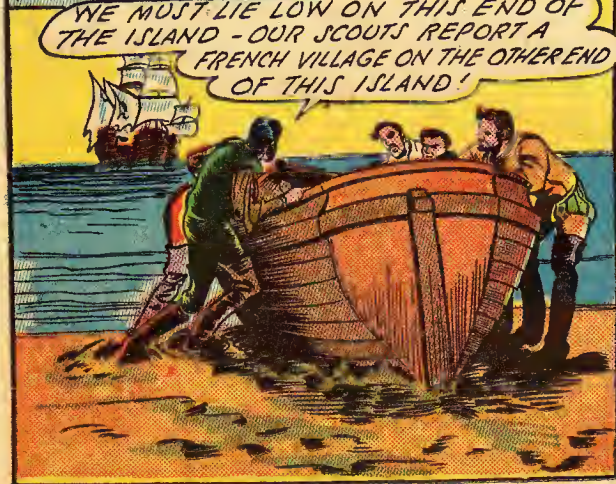
LOOK, CAPTAIN -- AN ISLAND!

I SEE IT! THERE'S A LITTLE COVE WHERE WE CAN LAND. IT LOOKS UNINHABITED!

UNINHABITED? NOT QUITE! FOR, MAKING ANCHOR AT THE OTHER END OF THE ISLAND, IS THE RAVEN.



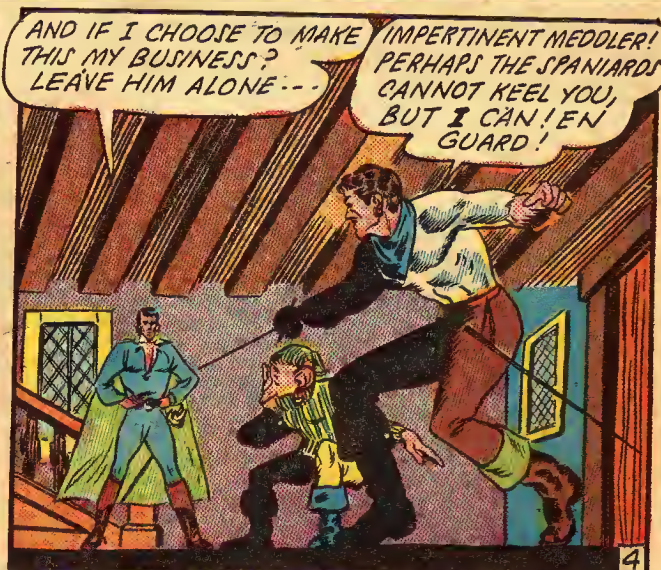
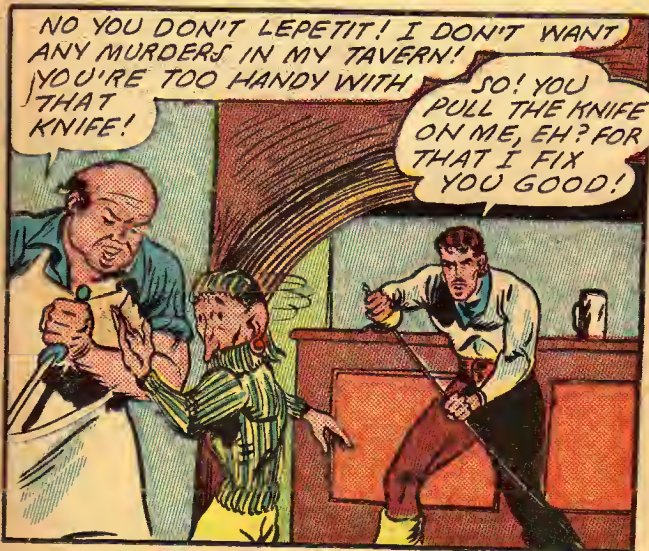
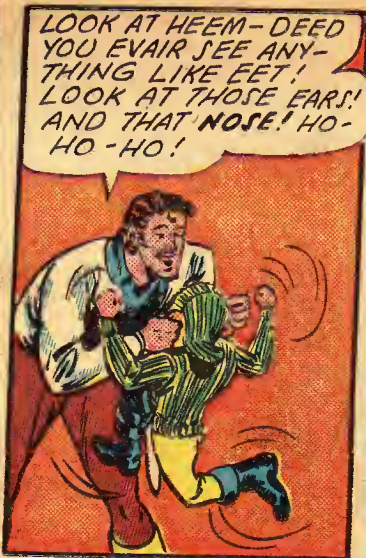
THINKING THEMSELVES SAFE FROM JEFF'S PRIVATEERING, THE SPANIARDS GET TO WORK REPAIRING THEIR SHIP.



WE MUST LIE LOW ON THIS END OF THE ISLAND - OUR SCOUTS REPORT A FRENCH VILLAGE ON THE OTHER END OF THIS ISLAND!

MEANWHILE, JEFF AND BORIS ENTER A TAVERN!





I WEEEL RUN YOU
THROUGH WHETHER
YOU DRAW YOUR
SWORD OR NOT--

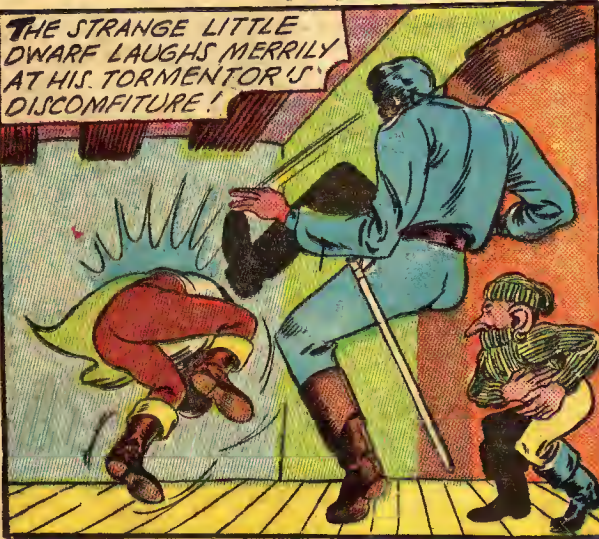
I MAKE IT A RULE
NEVER TO FENCE
WITH BLACKGUARDS...



I CANE THEM
INSTEAD--



THE STRANGE LITTLE
DWARF LAUGHS MERRILY
AT HIS TORMENTOR'S
DISCOMFITURE!



WELL, BORIS, I'M
ON MY WAY TO
SEE THE
GOVERNOR!

I'LL WALK WITH
YOU, JEFF-- IT'S
ON THE WAY TO
THE SHIP!



UNNOTICED, LEPETIT THE
DWARF TAGS ALONG!



LOOK,
BORIS,
THAT
DWARF
HAS
FOLLOWED
US!

YOU GO ON,
JEFF-- I GET
RID OF HIM!

GO AWAY,
YOU LITTLE
INSECT, OR
I'LL SQUASH
YOU LIKE AN
ANT!



BUT...LEPETIT HAS MADE
UP HIS MIND!





MEANWHILE THE SPANIARDS HAVE FINISHED REPAIRING THEIR SHIP...

AT LAST! SHE IS SEAWORTHY AGAIN!

SI, CAPTAIN! BUT, WE STILL NEED MEN!



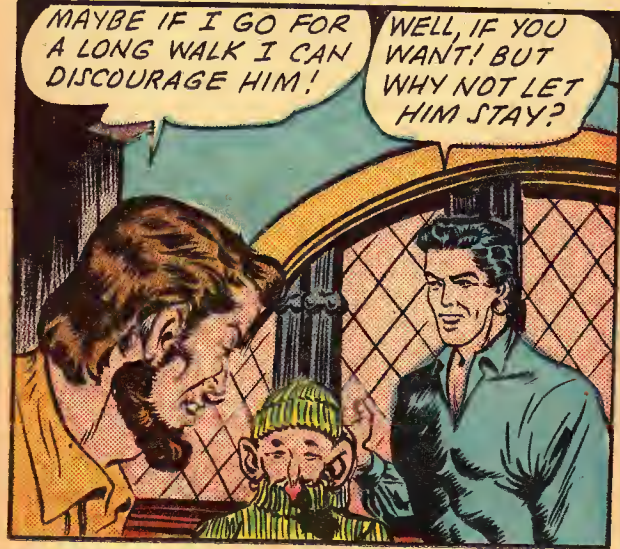
WE WILL GET THEM! MY SCOUTS REPORT THAT THERE IS A FRENCH TOWN NOT FAR FROM HERE - NOW LISTEN! TONIGHT, WE--



LATER, BACK IN THE RAVEN...

I SEE YOUR LITTLE FRIEND IS STILL WITH YOU, BORIS!

CAN'T GET RID OF HIM, JEFF! AND I HAVEN'T THE HEART TO BASH HIM AS I WOULD LIKE TO DO!



MAYBE IF I GO FOR A LONG WALK I CAN DISCOURAGE HIM!

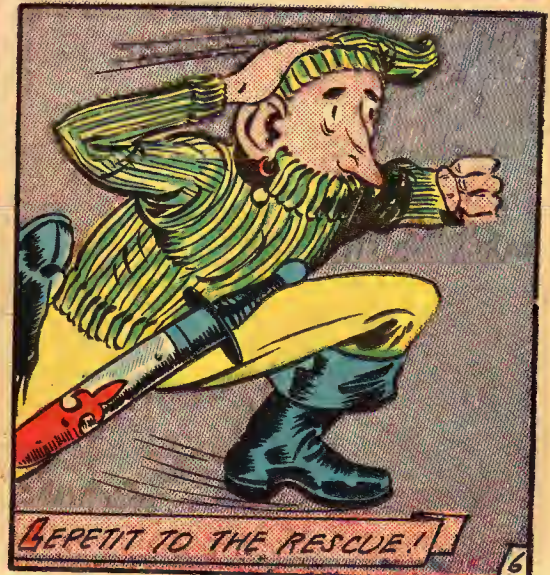
WELL, IF YOU WANT! BUT WHY NOT LET HIM STAY?



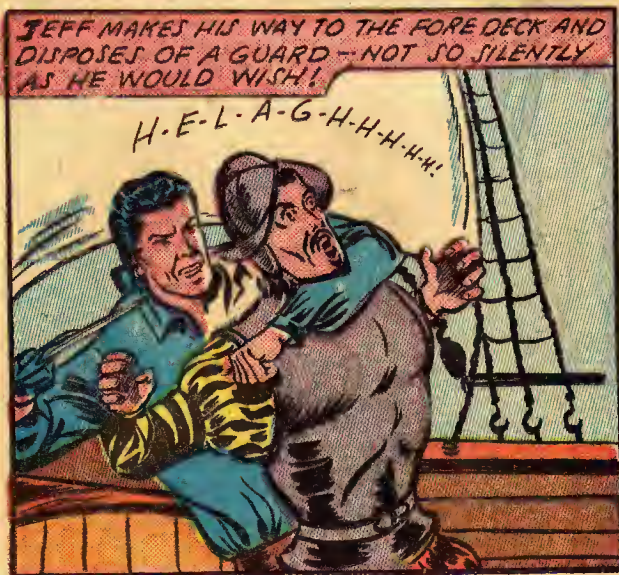
BORIS DECIDES IN FAVOR OF THE WALK AND HEADS OUT OF THE TOWN! ON THE OUTSKIRTS...



BORIS IS ABDUCTED BY THE SPANIARDS!



LEPETIT TO THE RESCUE!



THE SPANIARDS CORNER JEFF ON DECK--

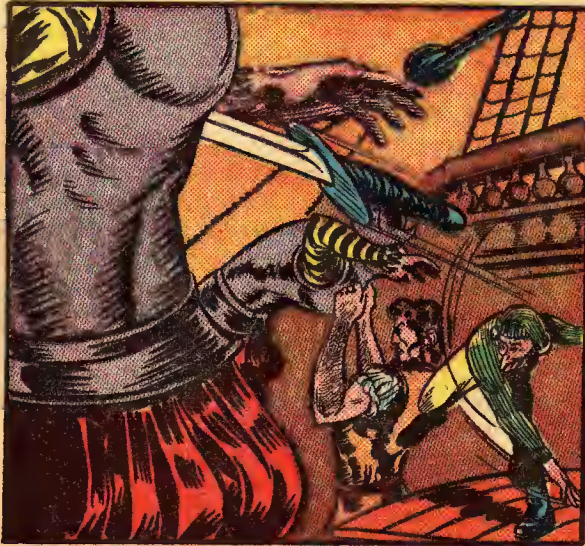


--WHILE LEPETIT CUTS BORD LOOSE

YOU!
THIS IS THE
FIRST TIME I WAS
HAPPY TO
SEE YOU!



OH, OH, IT LOOKS AS IF
JEFF COULD USE A
LITTLE HELP!

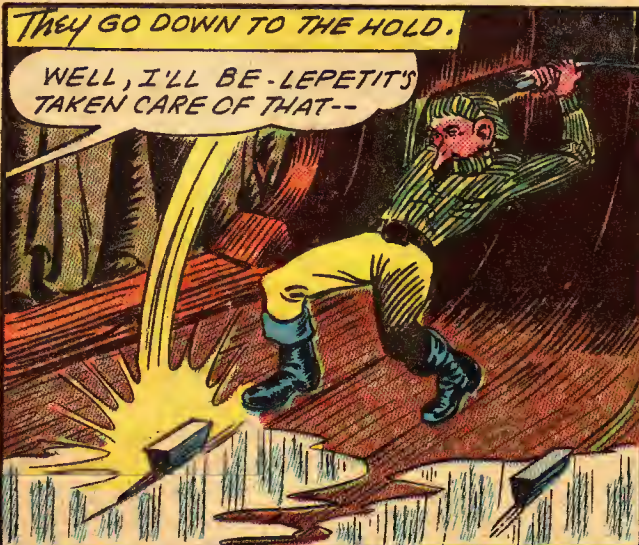


THAT SETTLES THAT--
NOW TO GET RID OF THIS
SHIP FOR GOOD!



THEY GO DOWN TO THE HOLD.

WELL, I'LL BE--LEPETIT'S
TAKEN CARE OF THAT--



YOU KNOW, JEFF, IT LOOKS
AS IF THE CREW OF THE
RAVEN HAS ANOTHER
MEMBER!



GHOST TOWN

IT was a strange land I was lost in, a wild and desolate wilderness of jagged rocks and twisted trees that moaned in agony as the screaming wind tore at their branches, and sent the rain whirling in torrential rivers down the rutty road.

It was dark as a grave, and the headlights danced wildly as the straining car groaned through the hub-deep mire. Somewhere behind I had lost the road to Placerville, the little mining town where I was going to work as an engineer, and as my eyes tried vainly to probe the rain swept darkness, the car gave a sudden crazy lurch and careening wildly, slid sideways down a sudden drop in the road.

Then I saw the lights, indistinct and flickering, a short distance to the right of the road. Breathing a sigh of relief, I cut the motor and grabbing the flash light from the pocket of the door, raced toward the friendly glare. I was tired of bucking the night and the mud alone. I wanted company and a fire and maybe something warm to eat, but if I'd known what I was going into, I think I'd have picked up the car bodily if necessary, and run away from that accursed place.

A tremendous burst of lightning lit up the entire countryside as I stumbled through the mud, and I saw etched against the night a row of tottering buildings that lined a weed grown street.

It seemed an ancient and deserted place in the instant glare, and I wondered suddenly if maybe my eyes hadn't been playing me tricks. Had I really seen a light, or had it been some queer reflection from the headlights of my car? In a moment though, I was reassured. As the darkness settled back again, the light shone brighter. It came from a building about midway down the street, and pulling my coat closer about me, I increased my stride.

THE ground was uneven and strewn with rocks and after bruising my shins several times, I hit one larger than the rest and with a wild yell sprawled flat in the clinging mud. Muttering angrily and drenched to the bone, I grabbed at the rock to pull myself up when another stab of lightning more violent than the

first, showed with horror what I had a hold of. A grave stone old and moldy, and suddenly I realized with a chill of terror that all the stones I'd been stumbling over were grave marks. Then as if someone had snuffed out a match, it was dark again and the thunder boomed and rolled through the night and came back in echo like a ghoul laughing in an empty room.

I raced then toward the flickering light and making my way up the sagging steps of the building, burst open the door panting breathlessly.

It was a large room, and in the friendly light of the kerosene lamps I knew that my luck was good. It was a hotel.

There were several men in the place, four playing cards at a table in the corner and the rest scattered about the room talking in quiet voices and smoking. It was a friendly scene, and as I walked toward the desk I almost laughed at my fears of a moment before. My nerves had been ragged from the strain of driving; everything would be all right now.

AS I reached the desk the clerk grinned. "A fine night for the shooting," he said gleefully. "Come a long way have you?"

"From Powell," I answered. "But what do you mean, shooting?"

He studied me a moment, a puzzled expression on his thin pale face, then he laughed, a hollow, eerie sound in the suddenly quiet room. "Why, Ben Slagle's shooting," he said at last, "you know, we always come back to play it over on nights like this."

I could feel the old fear creeping back with those words, there was something wrong here, something I didn't understand, and I turned to look at the other men. They were in the same positions as when I'd come in, but the conversation had ceased and the card players had stopped their game. They were all staring at me and their eyes were pale and blank in heavily bearded faces. A cold chill began to creep up my spine as I returned their stares. I hadn't noticed the beards before, or the wide brimmed hats or the clothes they wore. They were the clothes of a hundred years gone, and on every hip hung a gun.

Suddenly as if on a signal they started to talk again. The clerk leaned lazily across the desk and began to whistle a shrill tuneless air that seemed somehow to blend with the scream of the raging wind.

THE old building rocked and groaned in the fury of the storm that was growing greater by the minute. Somewhere outside a sign

swung rustily to and fro and there were other sounds, crashing wild sounds that made a demon festival of the dark

What was this place I had come to, what was the thing that was going to happen tonight? My mind groped foggily for an answer to a thousand questions I could not understand.

The clerk stopped whistling. His face became tense "Listen," he hissed, "do you hear him coming?"

"Who?", I asked, but a terrific crash of thunder drowned out the sound of my voice, and in that instant the door flew open with a loud bang

I turned wildly, half crouched against the front of the desk. Framed in the doorway with the rain blowing in around him, stood a giant man in a red checked shirt and black trousers that were stuffed in high boots.

As he walked slowly to the center of the room, my heart began to pound like a mad motor. Though he'd come out of the storm and the rain had swirled about him in the doorway, his clothes were as dry as desert sand. There was something deadly in the way he searched the room with his blank blue eyes, something unearthly and fearsome

ALL motion had ceased in the room, they might have been carved statue propped in their chairs. They sat in whatever attitude they'd been in when the door flew open, with words cut off or hands half raised holding a card. Only the giant man moved impatiently, like a restless tiger and then he opened his mouth, spoke, but a rolling peal of thunder smothered his words, and though I strained to catch them, they were lost forever to my ears.

Then I saw his hand move and hover about the gun he wore, low on his hip and strapped with a leather thong to his leg. It was a signal for action. The men awoke as if from a dream. Quietly and without hurry, they pushed their chairs against the wall, all but one man, who still sat patiently at the card table in an attitude of listening.

The clerk spoke for the last time. "That's Ben Slagle at the table," he said. "It's almost time."

I stood rooted to the spot, my eyes glued on the scene before me, and though I wanted desperately to stop whatever terrible thing was about to happen, I somehow knew that I was powerless to interfere.

WITH a crash the chair hit the floor and Ben Slagle rose to his feet. It all seemed timed, and as I watched, hypnotized, the men along the wall stirred restlessly. I could

catch the feeling that they wanted it over with, that they had seen this many times before and were weary of it all.

Then in a blinding flash of lightning and a deep booming roll of thunder they went for their guns. Like uncoiled snakes they came from the holsters but the giant was faster and the shot was lost in the storm.

As I watched with horror, Ben Slagle slid slowly toward the floor. The flame in the kerosene lamps went up for a moment in a burst of brilliance and then the wind in a sudden screaming fury swept threw the open door and snuffed out the lights.

FOR a long moment, I stood frozen to the spot, gripped in a terror unspeakable. Then with fumbling fingers I tore the flashlight from my pocket, and though every nerve shrilled to leave the horror of this place, I forced myself to press the switch. The light danced across the room to the spot where Ben Slagle had fallen. He was gone and when I turned the flashlight around the room, I found they were all gone. There was only dust and cobwebs and broken furniture and silence. A great and lonely silence as empty as a tomb.

As I stumbled toward the door the rain ceased. It was as if someone had suddenly turned off a faucet and the air was cold and raw.

I'd have given everything I possessed or ever hoped to possess to have been able to avoid passing through the graveyard again, but it was the shortest way to the car and my feet seemed to carry me toward it without my wanting to go.

Running with my flashlight turned toward the ground, I dodged through the crumbling stones trying desperately to keep from slipping in the oozing mud.

I was just about out when I tripped and the flashlight flew from my hands as I tried to break the fall. It spun through the air and lit, end up, with the light shining full on the deep-carved letters of an ancient marker. "Ben Slagle," the marker read. "Born 1836—Killed in 1872 in a gun fight in the Last Chance Hotel."

I LEFT the flashlight sticking in the ground. I could stand no more; I wanted to get away, anywhere out of this ghoulish place where men who had been dead for seventy years came back in raging storms to fight and die again.

And even when the car was started and I was miles away, the clerk's gleeful voice seemed to drone in my ears: "That's Ben Slagle at the table. It's almost time."

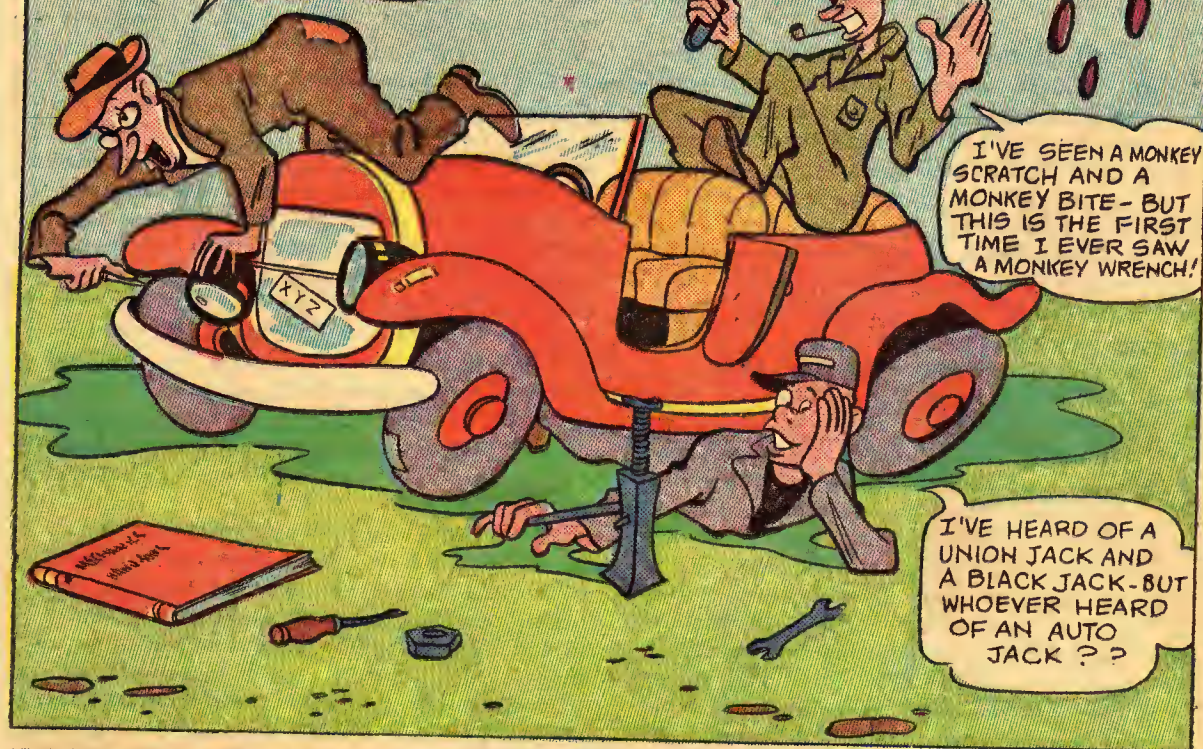
THE END

SUPER DROOPER DRIP^{AND}

AN AWL IS SUCH A BORING THING!

I'VE SEEN A MONKEY SCRATCH AND A MONKEY BITE- BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I EVER SAW A MONKEY WRENCH!

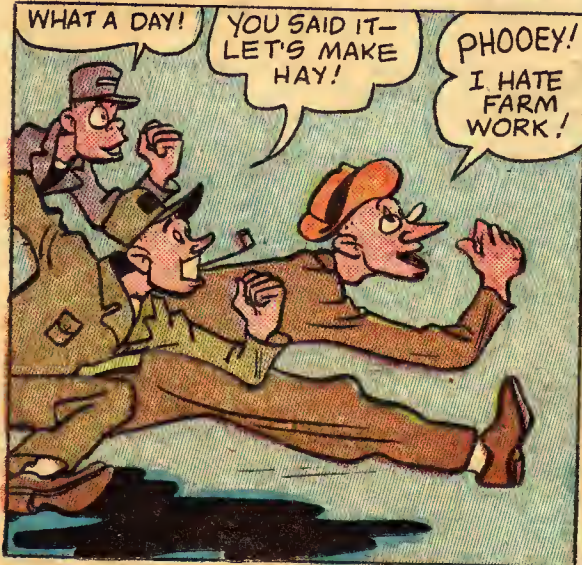
I'VE HEARD OF A UNION JACK AND A BLACK JACK- BUT WHOEVER HEARD OF AN AUTO JACK??



WHAT A DAY!

YOU SAID IT- LET'S MAKE HAY!

PHOOEY!
I HATE FARM WORK!



LOOK AT THAT! A SERVICE STATION!

I WONDER WHAT THEY SERVE!

LET'S STOP AND FIND OUT-



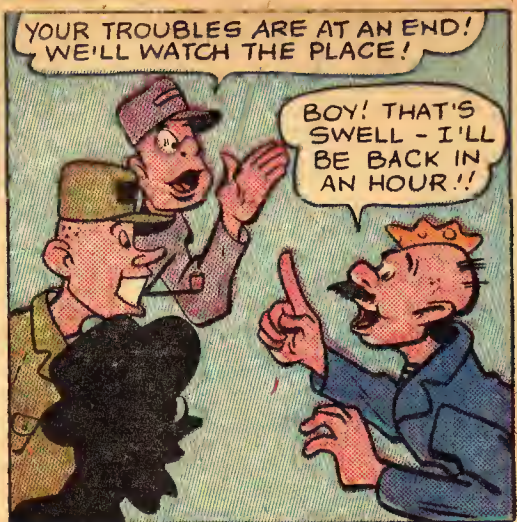


WE BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR--

WE DON'T WISH TO DETAIN YOU BUT--

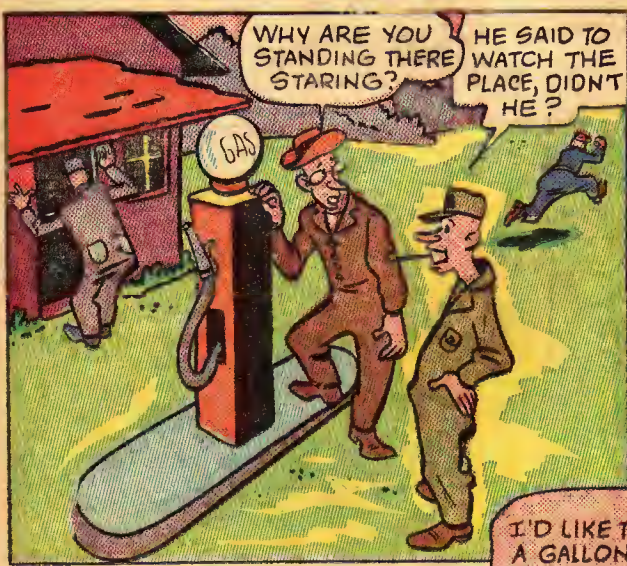
YOU CAN'T DETAIN ME-- I CAN'T GET AWAY FROM HERE!

NOBODY TO WATCH THE PLACE.



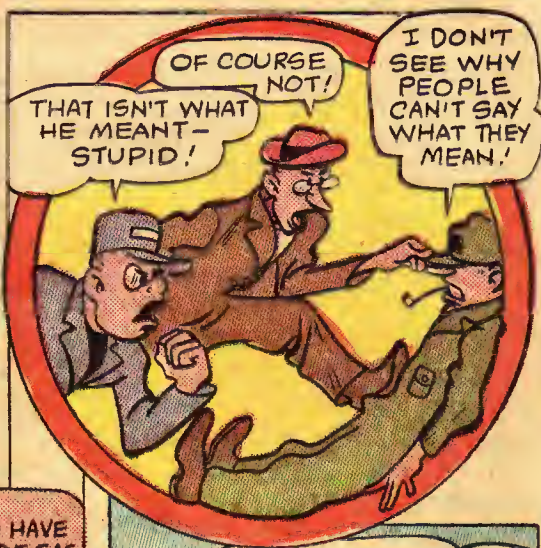
YOUR TROUBLES ARE AT AN END! WE'LL WATCH THE PLACE!

BOY! THAT'S SWELL - I'LL BE BACK IN AN HOUR!!



WHY ARE YOU STANDING THERE STARING?

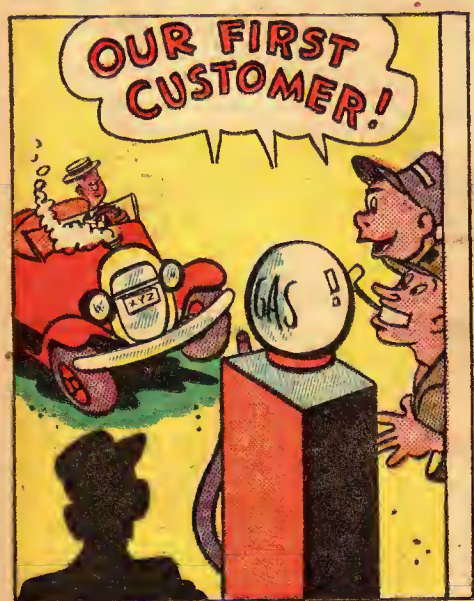
HE SAID TO WATCH THE PLACE, DIDN'T HE?



OF COURSE NOT!

THAT ISN'T WHAT HE MEANT - STUPID!

I DON'T SEE WHY PEOPLE CAN'T SAY WHAT THEY MEAN!



OUR FIRST CUSTOMER!

I'D LIKE TO HAVE A GALLON OF GAS PLEASE--AND--

SAY NO MORE-- SERVICE IS OUR MIDDLE NAME!

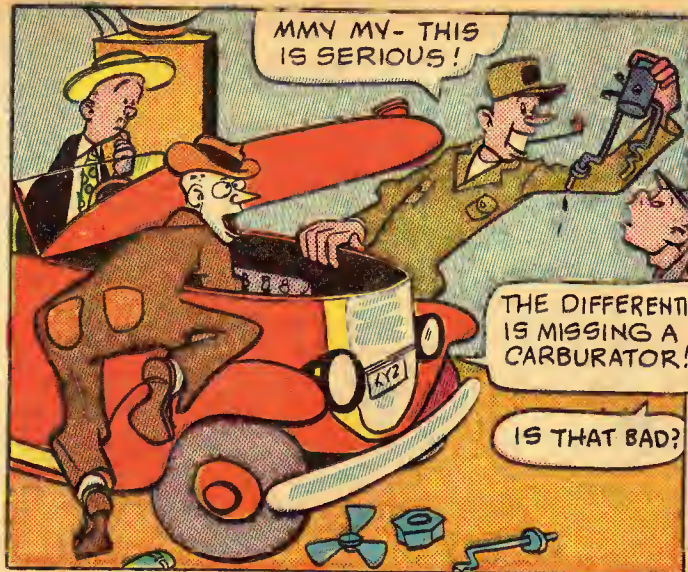
GOSH-I DIDN'T KNOW WE ALL HAD THE SAME MIDDLE NAME!



BUT ALL I WANTED--

YOU STAY OUT OF THIS-- IT'S WHAT THE CAR NEEDS, NOT WHAT YOU WANT--





MMY MV- THIS IS SERIOUS!

THE DIFFERENTIAL IS MISSING A CARBURATOR!

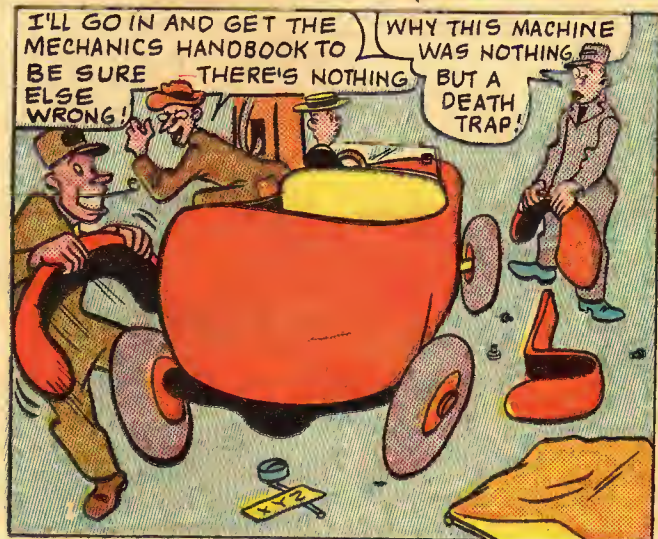
IS THAT BAD?



GOOD THING WE CAUGHT THIS IN TIME! THE AXLE HAS A PISTON KNOCK

AND LOOK AT THIS UNDER HERE!

THAT CAN'T BE GOOD!



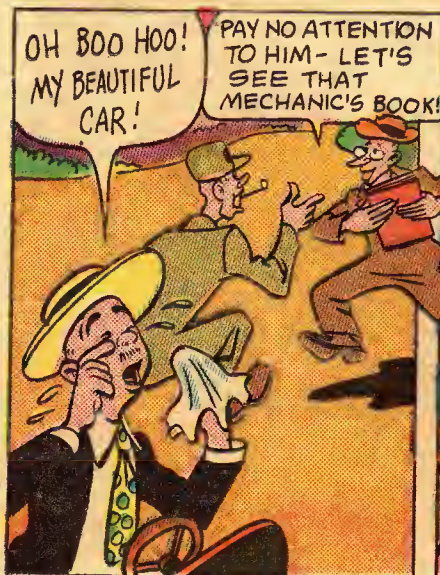
I'LL GO IN AND GET THE MECHANICS HANDBOOK TO BE SURE THERE'S NOTHING ELSE WRONG!

WHY THIS MACHINE WAS NOTHING BUT A DEATH TRAP!



BUT, FELLOWS! ALL I WANTED WAS A GALLON OF GAS!

YOU DON'T REALIZE THE SERIOUSNESS OF THE SITUATION!



OH BOO HOO! MY BEAUTIFUL CAR!

PAY NO ATTENTION TO HIM- LET'S SEE THAT MECHANIC'S BOOK!

MY, MY- ACCORDING TO THIS, THAT CAR WAS NEVER ASSEMBLED RIGHT!

A GOOD THING WE HAPPENED TO BE ON THE JOB!

IS THAT GOOD?



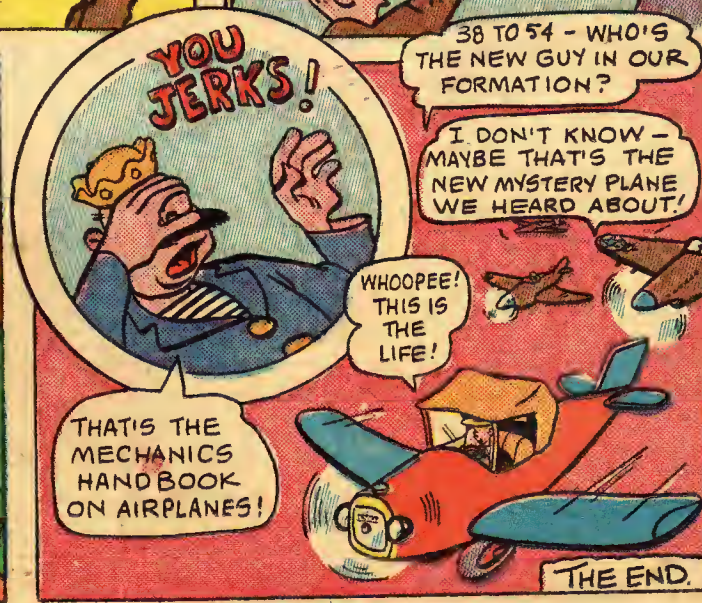
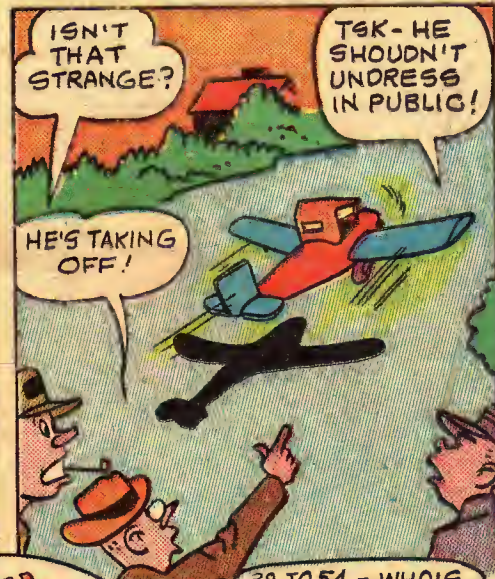
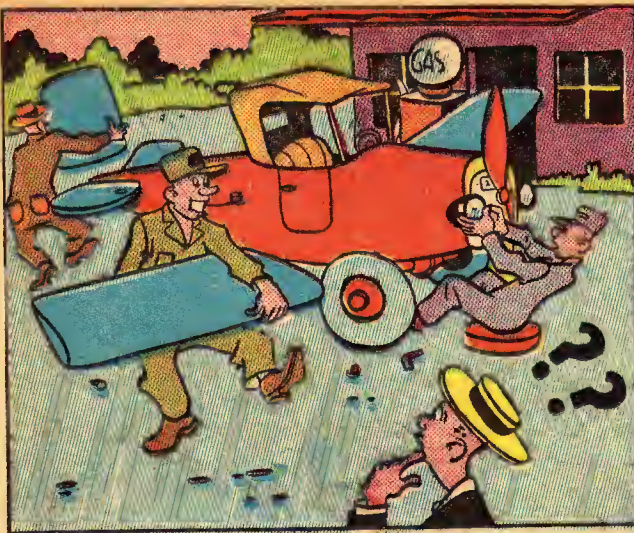
WELL- IT LOOKS HOPELESS- BUT LET'S GO-

WE CAN FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS IN THE BOOK!

ARE THEY GOING SOMEWHERE?

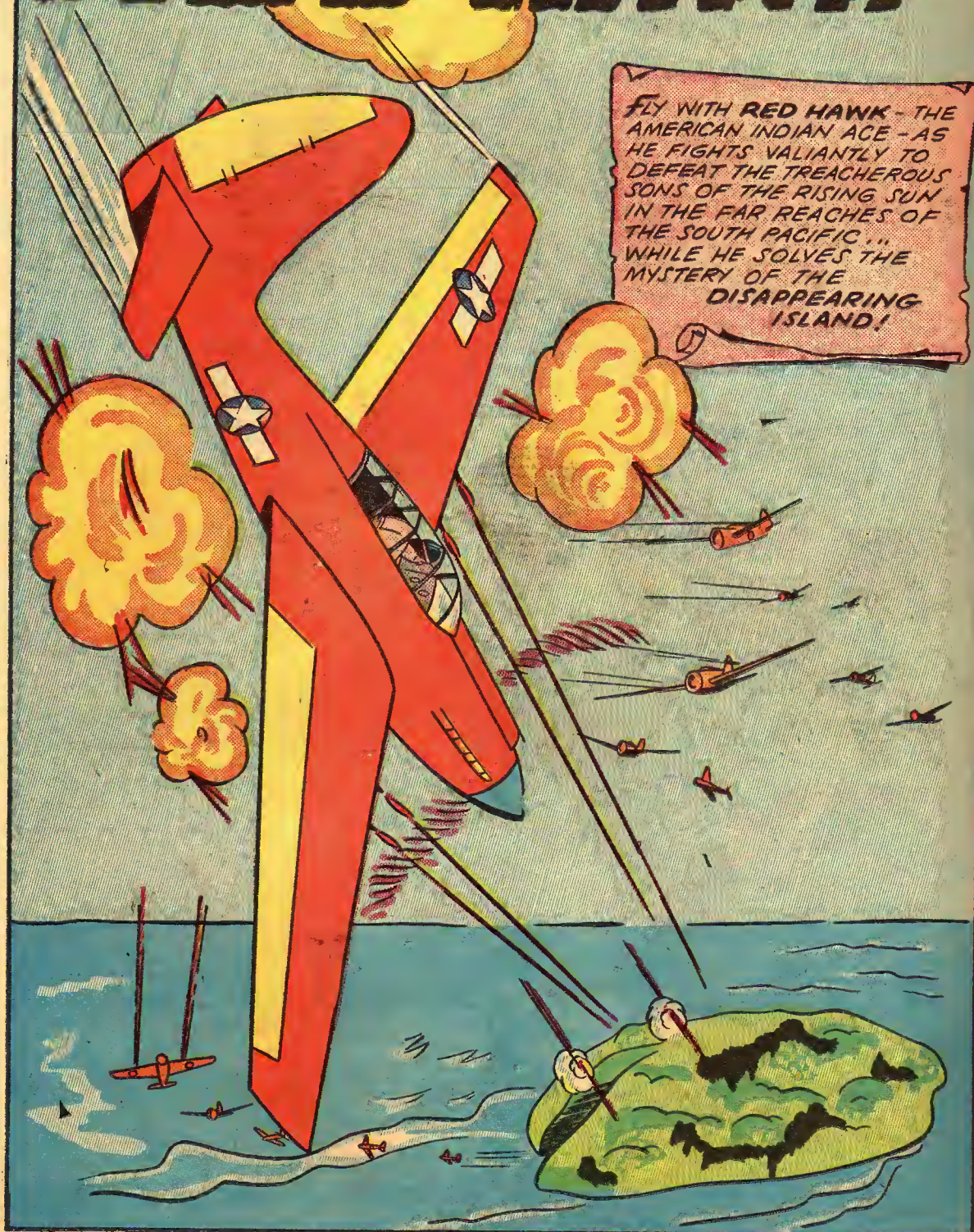


MECHANICS HANDBOOK

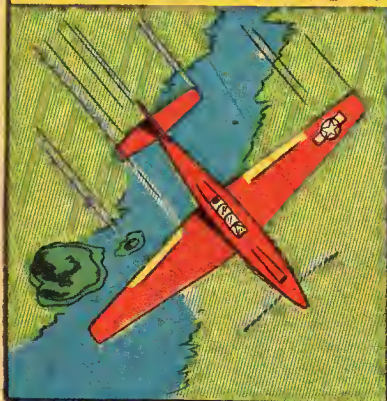


RED HAWK

FLY WITH RED HAWK - THE
AMERICAN INDIAN ACE - AS
HE FIGHTS VALIANTLY TO
DEFEAT THE TREACHEROUS
SONS OF THE RISING SUN
IN THE FAR REACHES OF
THE SOUTH PACIFIC...
WHILE HE SOLVES THE
MYSTERY OF THE
DISAPPEARING
ISLAND!



OVER THE SOUTH PACIFIC, RED HAWK FLIES TOWARD A SECRET AMERICAN MARINE BASE ON AN IMPORTANT MISSION. HE HAS ALMOST REACHED HIS GOAL WHEN...



RED HAWK CALLING GHQ, BASE RX. GIVE ME CORRECT BEARING!



AT THE RX BASE, THE C.O. HAS BEEN ANXIOUSLY AWAITING RED HAWK'S CALL.

BLESS THAT INDIAN! IF ANYBODY CAN FIGURE OUT THE MYSTERY OF THE JAP BOMBERS, HE CAN! GIVE HIM OUR BEARING!



BUT THE MYSTERIOUS JAP BOMBERS BEAT THE AMERICAN ACE TO THE PUNCH...

SIR, RADAR REVEALS A BIG FLEET OF PLANES COMING IN FAST-- BEARING 031! MUST BE THOSE JAP BOMBERS AGAIN!

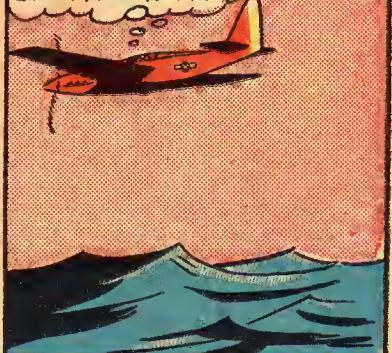
WHAT?! QUICK, GIVE ME THAT MIKE! I'VE GOT TO WARN RED HAWK!



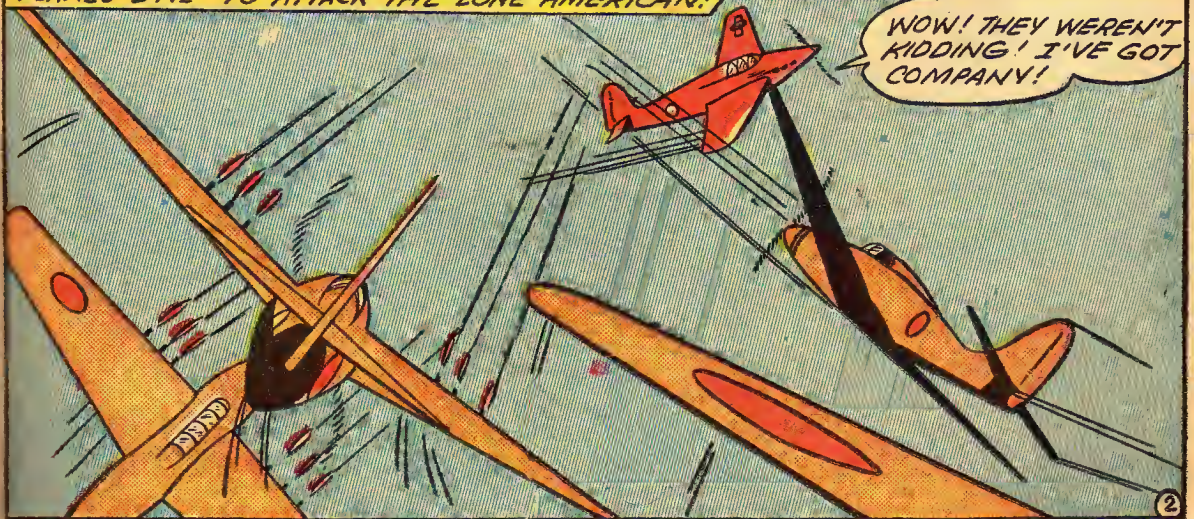
BASE RX CALLING RED HAWK! KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR JAP FORMATION. HURRY IN, YOU'RE OUTNUMBERED!



Red Hawk is startled by the strange warning. Japs?! But, there's no Jap base within a thousand miles! Could be carrier based planes, but-- the patrol would have spotted that!



THEN SUDDENLY-- SEEMINGLY FROM OUT OF NOWHERE, A SWARM OF JAP FIGHTER PLANES DIVE TO ATTACK THE LONE AMERICAN!



WOW! THEY WEREN'T KIDDING! I'VE GOT COMPANY!

RED HAWK USES ALL THE TRICKS, DODGES, AND MANEUVERS KNOWN TO FLYING MEN!

BELIEVE ME, NIPPY, YOU'LL BE HAPPIER WITH YOUR ANCESTORS! SO, GET GOING!!

TEN TO ONE-- WHAT ODDS!! I'VE GOT TO FIND SOME WAY TO GET OUT OF HERE!

IS THAT A RIVER? GOOD! MAYBE I CAN STILL DITCH THOSE NIPS!

RED HAWK SKIMS HIS PLANE UP THE RIVER OUTLET!

WOW! THIS LITTLE TRICK CALLS FOR PERFECT TIMING!

UHH-- THIS IS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!

MEANWHILE, UPSTAIRS--

WHITE FOOL DEAD! RETURN TO FORMATION! BANZAI!

YOU WON THE FIRST ROUND, NIPPY. BUT WE'LL MEET AGAIN --

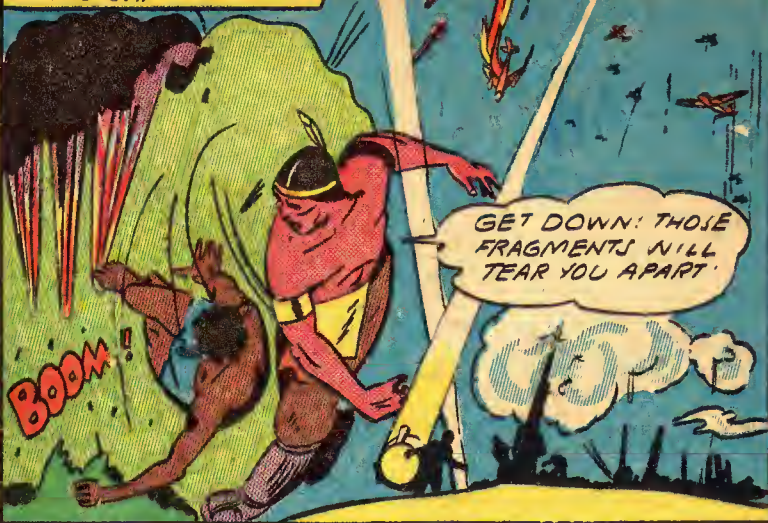
AS THE JAPS FLY OFF, RED HAWK SOARS INTO THE SKY!

RED HAWK LANDS WITHOUT FURTHER INCIDENT AT MARINE BASE RX. BUT SECONDS LATER...

LOOK! THE JAPS ARE COMING IN! WE'D BETTER TRY A FOXHOLE FOR SIZE!



THE JAPS ROAR IN!



GET DOWN! THOSE FRAGMENTS WILL TEAR YOU APART!

BOOM!

LATER THE C.D. AND RED HAWK DISCUSS THE MYSTERY OF THE JAP RAIDS ON THIS SUPPOSEDLY SECRET BASE!

THOSE JAPS COME OVER EVERY NIGHT BUT WE CAN'T FIGURE WHERE THEY COME FROM!

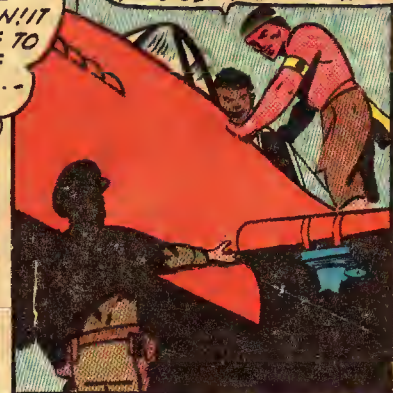
OH, AND THAT'S MY JOB! I WILL START TOMORROW! IT WOULD BE WISE TO HAVE A NATIVE ACCOMPANY ME-- THAT BOY OVER THERE WILL DO!



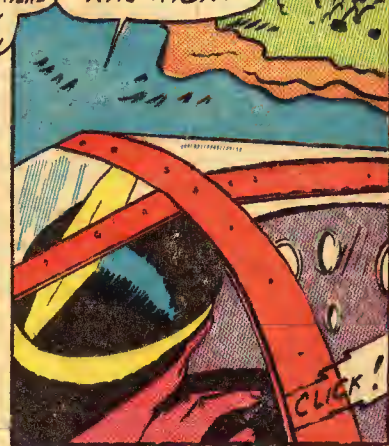
NEXT MORNING

I'LL GUARANTEE YOU WON'T FIND ANY BASE AROUND HERE, RED HAWK!

BUT PERHAPS SNOWBALL HERE CAN POINT OUT A FEW POSSIBLE HIDING PLACES!



THAT'S THE LAST OF THE FILM, AND STILL NO JAP BASE - NO CARRIER! THE CAPTAIN WAS RIGHT!



THEN, AS RED HAWK IS ABOUT TO TURN BACK --

I SEE SMOKE OUT TO SEA WE'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK - IT COULD BE A JAP TASK FORCE!



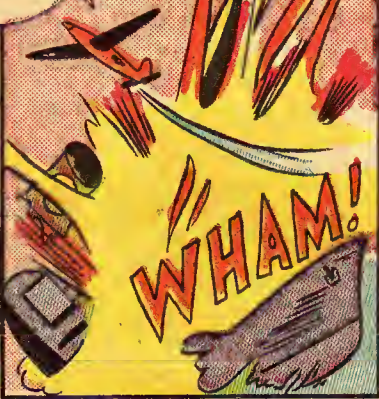
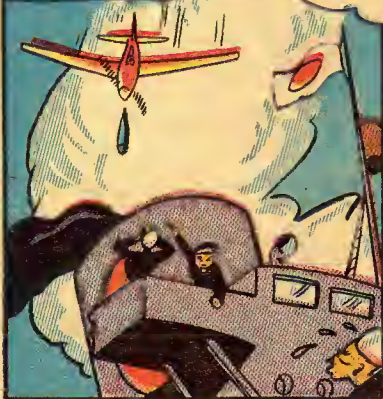
THE FAT ONE'S A TANKER! NOW I'M POSITIVE THERE'S A JAP CARRIER, OR A NEST OF NIP PLANES, AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE



RED HAWK CONTENTS HIMSELF TEMPORARILY WITH DROPPING AN AERIAL TORPEDO AMIDSHIP OF THE JAP OILER!

BULLSEYE!

MISTAH REDBIRD! AH WISHES MAH PEOPLE CUD SEE DIS!



THEN AS THE INDIAN ACE NEARS HIS BASE...

RED HAWK CALLING R.Y. SANK JAP TANKER BUT RUNNING OUT OF GAS. MIGHT HAVE TO PANCAKE IN THE TREES!

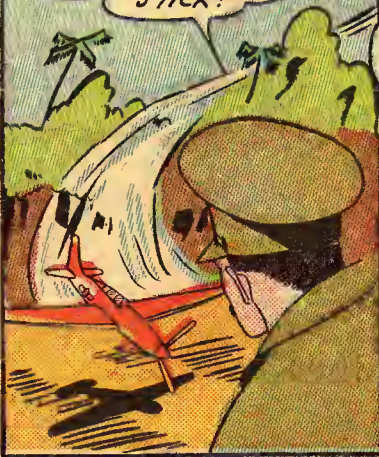


RED HAWK'S OUT OF GAS... HE MIGHT NOT MAKE THE FIELD GET YOUR PLANES UP AND WATCH HIM MARK THE SPOT, IF HE CRASH LANDS!



But...

HERE HE COMES NOW, RIDING A DEAD STICK!



LATER, RED HAWK'S PHOTOS OFFER NO NEW CLUES TO THE MYSTERIOUS JAP BASE

THESE PICTURES SHOW NOTHING! BUT IT **MUST** BE THERE! WHY WOULD THAT TANKER SHOW UP, EXCEPT TO FUEL A CARRIER OR PLANES?



Then, THE NATIVE BOY BREAKS IN--

THERE NO ISLAND AT MOUTH OF KILGWE RIVER! I LIVE THERE TILL JAPS COME AND KILL MY TRIBE!

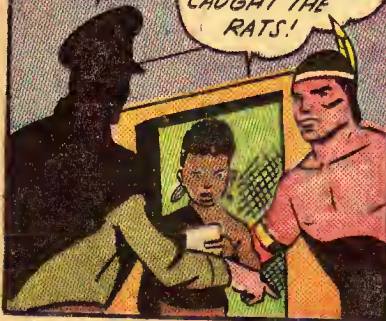
ARE YOU SURE, SNOWBALL?



THE CAPTAIN CHECKS BACK--

THE BOY'S MISTAKEN.
ALL OF OUR RECONNAISSANCE
PHOTOS SHOW THE
SAME ISLAND IN
THE SAME
PLACE

BUT, IF
SNOWBALL IS
RIGHT-- WE'VE
CAUGHT THE
RATS!



AGAIN THAT NIGHT--

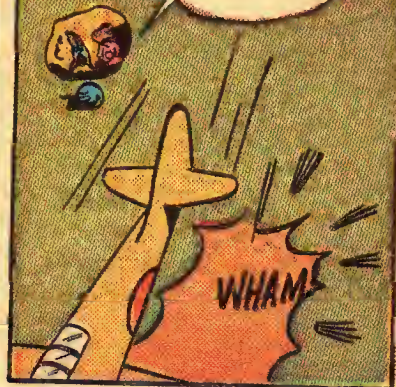
HERE COME
THE JAPS
AGAIN! DUCK,
KID! WHAT THE
HECK IS THAT
UMBRELLA
FOR?

KEEP OFF RAIN...
MAYBE KEEP
OFF THINGS
FROM SKY!



JAPS GO
NOW.

AND I'M SURE
I KNOW WHERE
THEY COME FROM!
THAT UMBRELLA OF
YOURS GAVE ME
-AN IDEA!



**RED HAWK EXPLAINS TO THE MARINE
C.O.**

I KNOW IT SOUNDS CRAZY BUT
I WANT PERMISSION TO PROVE
I'M RIGHT!

ALL RIGHT, RED HAWK!
GO AHEAD!



IF YOU RUN INTO
TROUBLE, USE
YOUR RADIO.

DON'T
WORRY.
I WILL!



**OUT OVER THE PACIFIC ONCE
MORE...**

HERE'S THE KILGWE RIVER.
BUT, WHERE IS
THE ISLAND
OUR PHOTO
SHOWED?

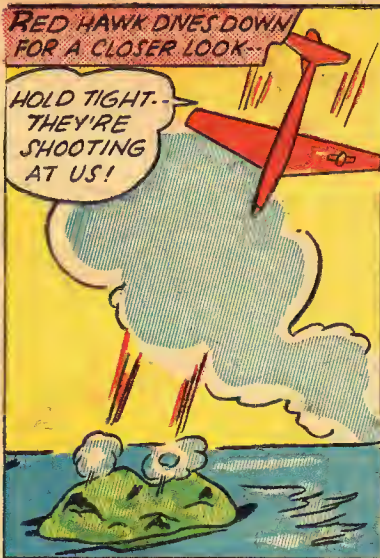
ISLAND GONE?!
HOW THAT
HAPPEN?



LOOK, RED HAWK, THERE
IS ISLAND! IT MOVED!

THAT'S NO ISLAND, SNOWBALL,
THAT'S THE JAP CARRIER WE'RE
LOOKING FOR! WHAT A NEAT
JOB OF CAMOUFLAGE TO
ESCAPE DETECTION
ALL THIS TIME!





RED HAWK DIVES DOWN FOR A CLOSER LOOK--

HOLD TIGHT. THEY'RE SHOOTING AT US!

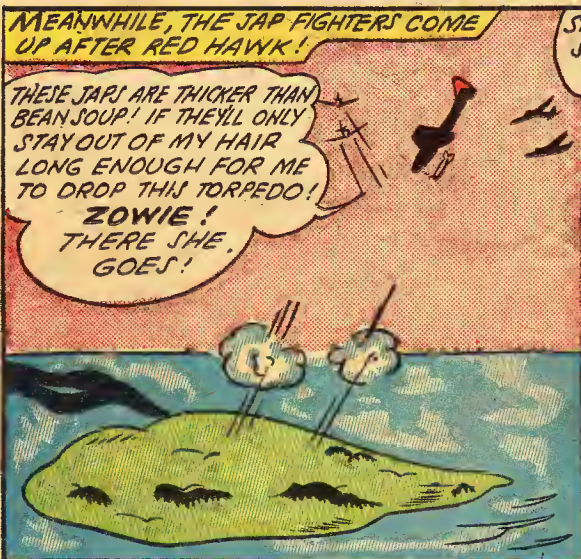


RED HAWK CALLING BASE RX, JAP CARRIER NORTH OF KILGWE RIVER MOUTH! COME A-SHOOTIN'!



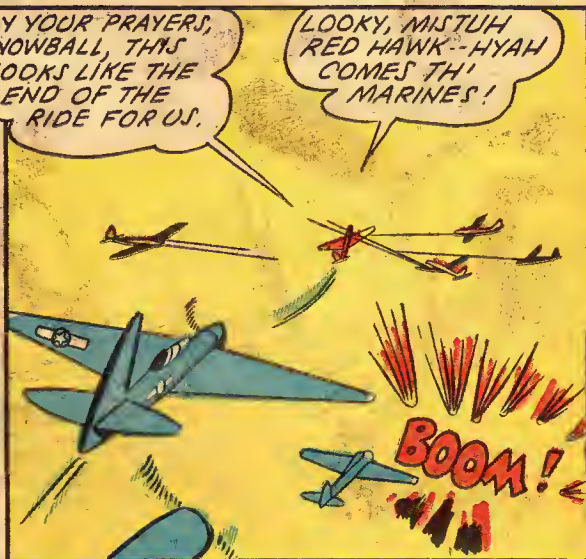
RED HAWK'S MESSAGE STIRS UP ACTIVITY AT THE MARINE BASE!

LET'S GO, BOYS! RED HAWK'S FOUND WHAT WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR! YIPPEE! HERE'S WHERE WE HIT BACK-AND GOOD.



MEANWHILE, THE JAP FIGHTERS COME UP AFTER RED HAWK!

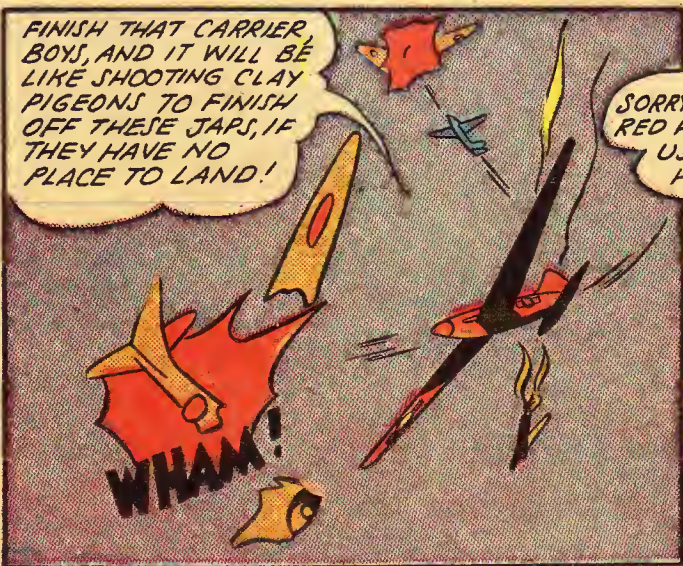
THESE JAPS ARE THICKER THAN BEAN SOUP! IF THEY'LL ONLY STAY OUT OF MY HAIR LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO DROP THIS TORPEDO! ZOWIE! THERE SHE GOES!



SAY YOUR PRAYERS, SNOWBALL, THIS LOOKS LIKE THE END OF THE RIDE FOR US.

LOOKY, MISTUH RED HAWK--HYAH COMES TH' MARINES!

BOOM!



FINISH THAT CARRIER BOYS, AND IT WILL BE LIKE SHOOTING CLAY PIGEONS TO FINISH OFF THESE JAPS, IF THEY HAVE NO PLACE TO LAND!



THIS JOB SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED, RED HAWK PREPARES TO LEAVE!

SORRY YOU HAVE TO GO, RED HAWK, WE COULD USE YOU HERE!

THANK YOU-- IT WOULD BE FUN TO STAY FOR THE REAL FIGHTING BUT I MUST RETURN FOR MY NEXT ASSIGNMENT!

FOLLOW RED HAWK'S NEW ADVENTURE IN THESE PAGES NEXT MONTH AS HE FIGHTS ON FOR FREEDOM!

JUN-GAL



FASCISM INVADES THE JUNGLE! THE TAGOMAS AND THEIR WHITE GODDESS, JUN-GAL, LEARN THAT JUNGLE TREACHERY IS NOTHING WHEN COMPARED TO THE VILLIANOUS ACTS OF THE GREEN-CLOTHED NAZIS WHO SEEK TO GAIN POSSESSION OF THE POWERFUL RADIUM!

SOMEWHERE IN NAZI GERMANY, A DEPRESSED HIGH COMMAND HOLDS A WORRIED CONFERENCE!

BUT, MEIN FEUHRER, ALL I NEED TO MAKE MY ATOMIC DISRUPTER WORK IS TWO OUNCES OF PURE RADIUM!

SO...IF I COULD GET PERMISSION TO FLY TO AFRICA AND FIND THE FAMED PIT OF DEATH...IT WOULD TAKE ONLY TEN MEN TO ASSIST ME IN MY PLAN!

PERMISSION IS GRANTED COLONEL KLEINHURT!

A WEEK LATER--DEEP IN
EQUATORIAL AFRICA

NOW, JUN-GAL, TAKE CARE
O' YG'S SELF!

BOSH, MAMMY,
I'LL BE BACK
BEFORE THE
MOON
RISES!

MY TRIBE IS SHORT OF
FOOD--I WILL SEEK OUT
THE HERDS...
WHAT IS
THAT
SCREAM?

AHHHH!

I THOUGHT IT WAS NOT
THE SCREAM
OF AN
ANIMAL!

GET
BACK,
YOU
DEVIL!

JUN-GAL COMES TO THE AID OF THE
CORNERED
MAN!

STAND STILL! I WILL
KILL HIM!

AGRRHH!

BUT--WHO ARE
YOU? WHERE DID
YOU COME
FROM?

YOU ARE OF
MY COLOR--
HMM! I AM
JUN-GAL!
GODDESS
OF THE PIT
OF DEATH!

JUN-GAL! YOUR FAME HAS SPREAD INTO MY
WORLD, FAIR MAIDEN!

HMM! SO SHE CAN LEAD ME
TO THE PIT OF DEATH!
I'LL BIDE MY TIME
AND CONTACT
MY PARATROOPERS
LATER!

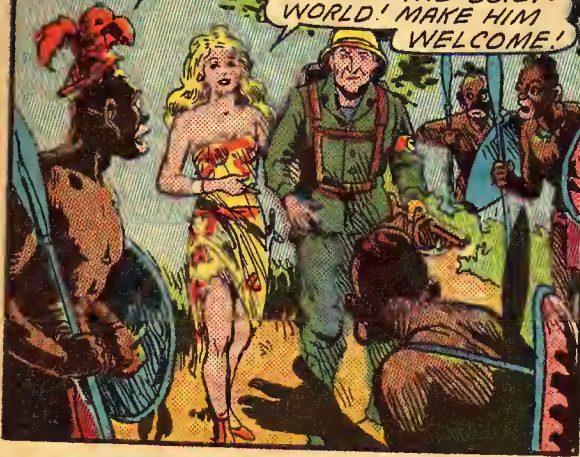
AND WHERE IS THIS WORLD
YOU COME FROM, STRANGER?

IT IS A VERY
WONDERFUL
PLACE-- FAR
DIFFERENT
FROM THIS
JUNGLE!

KLEINHURT IS OVER-AWED AS THEY ENTER THE JUNGLE COMPOUND...

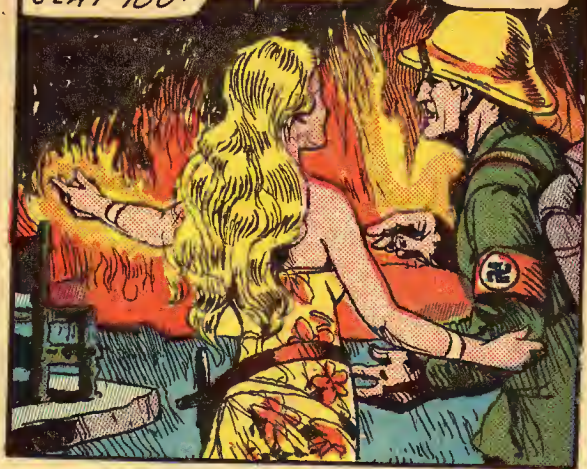
TENAKI, JUN-GAL!

MY PEOPLE, WE HAVE A GUEST FROM THE OUTER WORLD! MAKE HIM WELCOME!



AND THERE IS THE PIT OF DEATH! HEED MY WARNING TO KEEP AT A DISTANCE LEST ITS RAYS SLAY YOU!

INDEED I WILL!



THAT EVENING, KLEINHURT TRIES TO CONTACT HIS MEN!

I'LL TELL THE MEN TO ADVANCE ON THE VILLAGE AND GIVE INSTRUCTIONS!



CALLING SERGEANT STOFFEL AT NAZI CAMP! ADVANCE ON TAGOMA. LOCATION AS FOLLOWS...

LAWSY ME!



SNOOPER! WHY DO YOU NOT ASK PERMISSION TO ENTER!

YAHH! JUN-GAL!

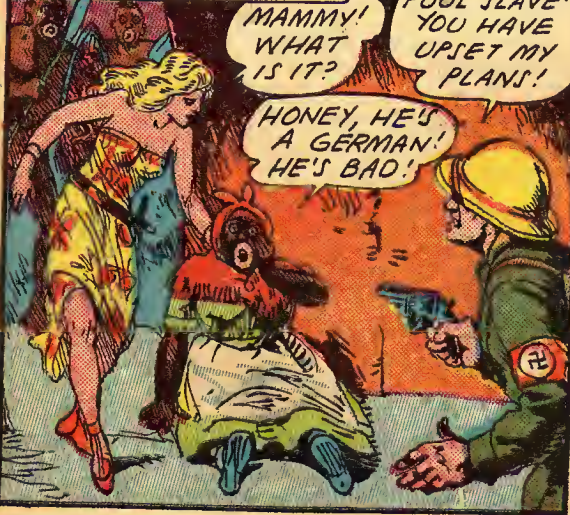


JUN-GAL COMES RUNNING IN RESPONSE TO MAMMY'S CRIES!

MAMMY! WHAT IS IT?

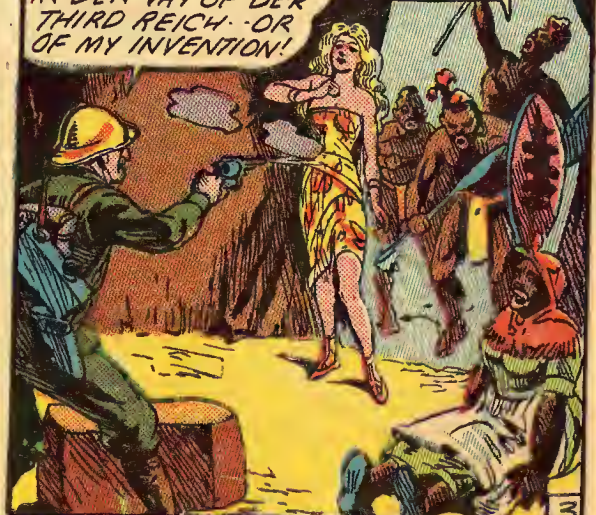
FOOL SLAVE! YOU HAVE UPSET MY PLANS!

HONEY, HE'S A GERMAN! HE'S BAD!



NO ONE WILL STAND IN DER VAY OF DER THIRD REICH - OR OF MY INVENTION!

AHIEEE!



JUN-GAL COME HERE!
THOSE DIRTY BLACK
BOYS WILL OBEY
YOU

HOW DARE
YOU TOUCH
ME!



SO YOU CAME TO STEAL
FROM US! WELL, YOUR
BONES WILL
BAKE IN
THE PIT!



JUN GAL TAKES KLEINHURT
BY SURPRISE - -

YOU WOULD
TRY AT ANY
-RATE!



BUT BEFORE KLEINHURT
CAN CARRY OUT
HIS PLAN

THAT NOISE -
WHAT IS
IT?



HAH LOOK AT THE
FOOLS GO DOWN
BEFORE OUR
GUNS!

MY PEOPLE! THEY
ARE BEING MASSACRED!



JUN-GAL ACT! SWIFTLY - - -
INTO THE JUNGLE
WE CANNOT FIGHT
NOW!



THE NATIVES HAVE ALL
FLED THE VILLAGE
IS ABANDONED TO
US!

EXCELLENT!
PUT ON DER
LEAD SUITS AND
GET DER RADIUM
INTO DER CONTAINERS!
SCHNELL!



DO NOT TRY TO TAKE MORE THAN TWO OUNCES, STOFFER, OR YOU ENDANGER OUR LIVES!

JA, COLONEL! I UNDERSTAND!



CAREFULLY, AND ACCORDING TO PLAN, THE NAZIS HELP THEMSELVES TO THE POWERFUL RADIUM!

DIS LEAD SUIT ISS SO HEAVY! UGH, I HARDLY CAN MOVE!



HERE ISS DER ELEMENT COLONEL! NOW WHAT DO WE DO?

WE VILL RETURN TO OUR ENCAVEMENT AND NO'DIEV DER PLANE TO PICK US UP!



THE NAZIS EVACUATE TAGOMA VILLAGE!

DAT VAS MUCH EASIER DAN I HAD HOPED! VE BE DECORATED FOR DIS -- YOU VAIT UND SEE!

YATCH FOR DER JUNGLE BEASTS!



SUDDENLY, JUNGLE JUSTICE TAKES ITS TOLL... SILENTLY, WITHOUT WARNING!



THEN, THE DISMAL SILENCE IS BROKEN BY THE SCREAMS OF DYING MEN!

AWOOOO!

MEIN GOTT!! VAS IST!?



IT'S THOSE NATIVE DEVILS!! FIRE! KILL THEM!

AGHRR!



THE NATIVES STRIKE WITH DEADLY ACCURACY! LEAVING ONLY ONE MAN, COLONEL KLEINHURT...



COME OUT AND FIGHT! COME ON! KILL ME!

IN ANSWER TO HIS WILD SCREAMS --



YOU WOULD FIGHT ME?

MY GUN! NO --- YOU SHE-DEVIL!

WELL, I CAN EASILY BEAT A WOMAN-- IF YOUR MEN DO NOT INTERFERE!

HUH--WE ARE NOT LIKE YOU! I FACE YOU ALONE!

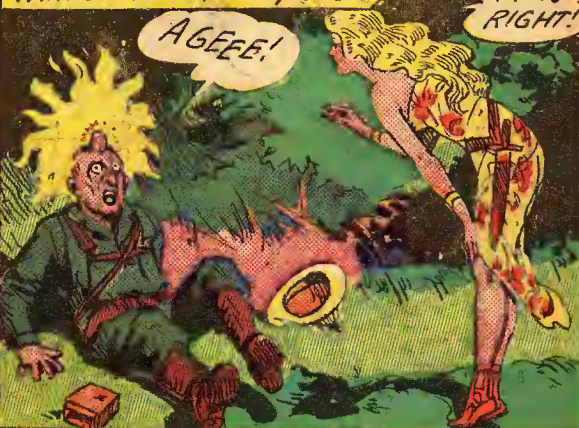


JUN-GAL IS A BLAZING, SWINGING STREAK OF LIGHTNING FURY...



I NEED NO HELP ON THE LIKES OF YOU!

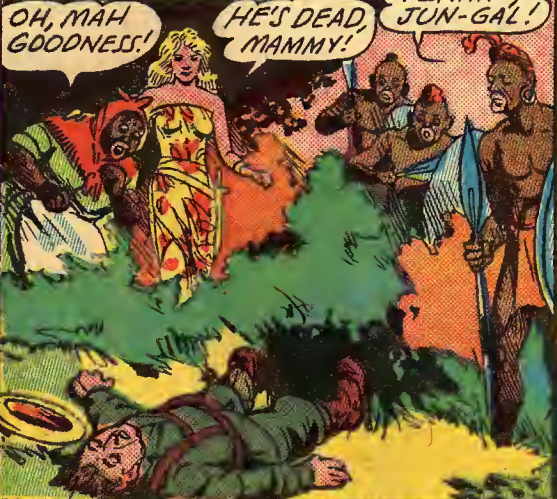
... BUT, HER BLOW OPENS THE BOX CONTAINING THE STOLEN RADIIUM AND THE PRECIOUS ELEMENT TAKES ITS OWN TOLL!



AGEEE!

IT IS RIGHT!

THE TAGOMAS JOIN THEIR STRANGE, YOUNG GODDESS!



OH, MAH GOODNESS!

HE'S DEAD, MAMMY!

TENAKI! JUN-GAL!

NEXT DAY, JUN-GAL MAKES A VOW THAT PORTENDS ILL FOR THE FUTURE.



MY PEOPLE--YOU HAVE MY SOLEMN WORD THAT NO WHITE PERSON SHALL EVER AGAIN BE PERMITTED TO ENTER OUR VILLAGE!

JUN-GAL HAS MADE A STRANGE VOW THAT WILL LEAD HER INTO MANY STARTLING ADVENTURES IN THE NEXT AND EVERY ISSUE OF **BLAZING COMICS**!!



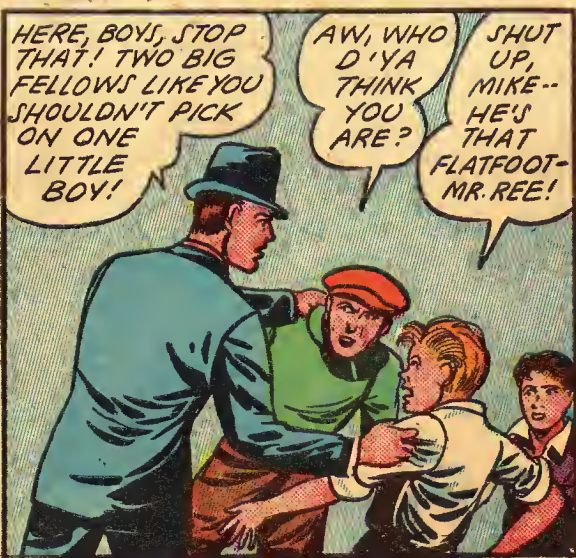
MAGICIAN-DETECTIVE, MR. REE, DONATES HIS SERVICES FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE BLAND STREET BOYS' CLUB BUT HE DOESN'T EXPECT TO ENTERTAIN A GUEST CALLED **DEATH** WHO'S ADMISSION IS AN INFERNO OF FLAME INTENDED TO RING DOWN THE CURTAIN ON MR. REE FOREVER!



LAY IT ON, HANK!

AW, LEAVE ME ALONE!

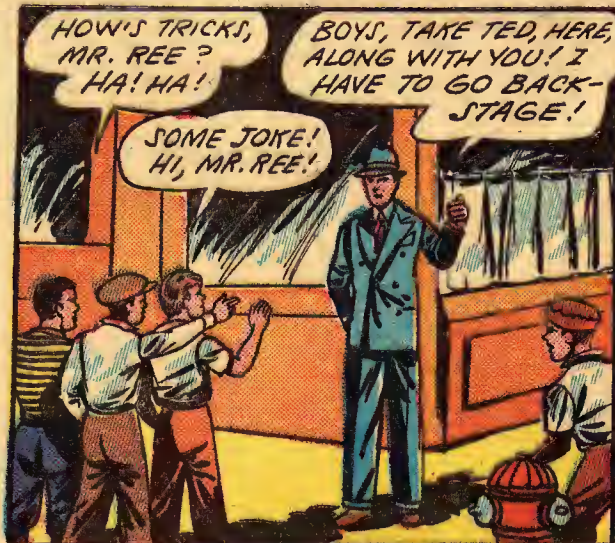
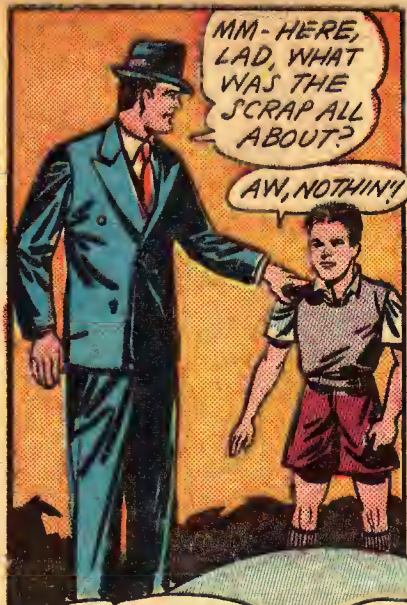
LISTEN TO THE LITTLE SISSY!



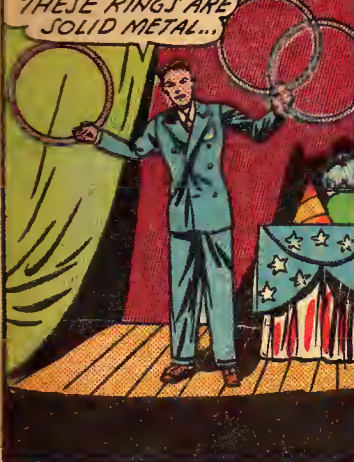
HERE, BOYS, STOP THAT! TWO BIG FELLOWS LIKE YOU SHOULDN'T PICK ON ONE LITTLE BOY!

AW, WHO D'YA THINK YOU ARE?

SHUT UP, MIKE-- HE'S THAT FLATFOOT-MR. REE!



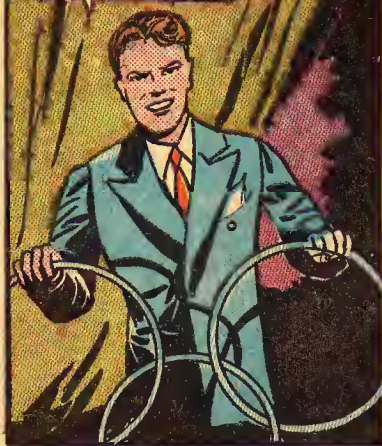
AN HOUR LATER, AS MR. REE REACHES THE CLIMAX OF HIS PERFORMANCE --- NOW, AS YOU CAN SEE, THESE RINGS ARE SOLID METAL...



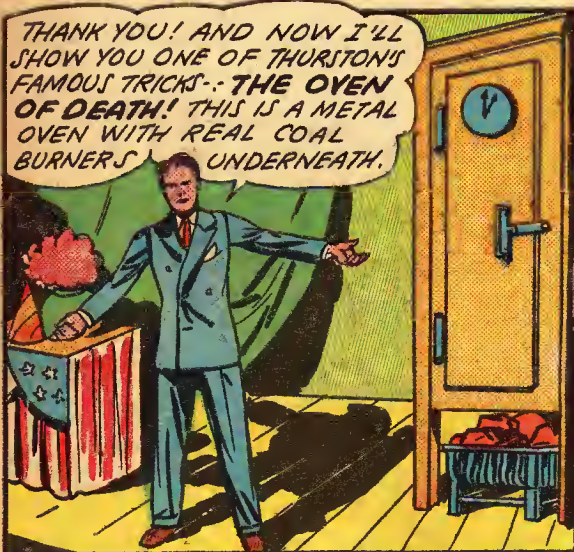
THEY'RE NOT ATTACHED IN ANY WAY - BUT WATCH! ONE... TWO... THREE!



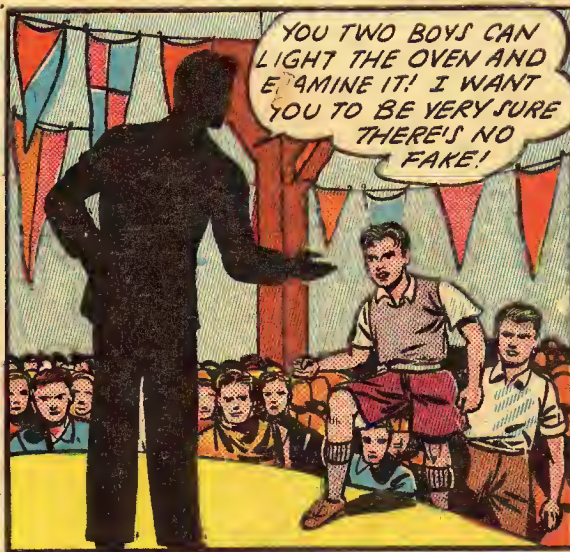
NOW, WHEN I CATCH THEM AGAIN, THEY'RE ALL JOINED! SEE?



THANK YOU! AND NOW I'LL SHOW YOU ONE OF THURSTON'S FAMOUS TRICKS - THE OVEN OF DEATH! THIS IS A METAL OVEN WITH REAL COAL BURNERS UNDERNEATH.



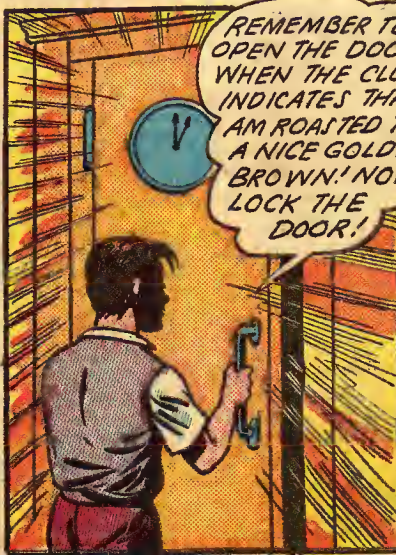
YOU TWO BOYS CAN LIGHT THE OVEN AND EXAMINE IT! I WANT YOU TO BE VERY SURE THERE'S NO FAKE!



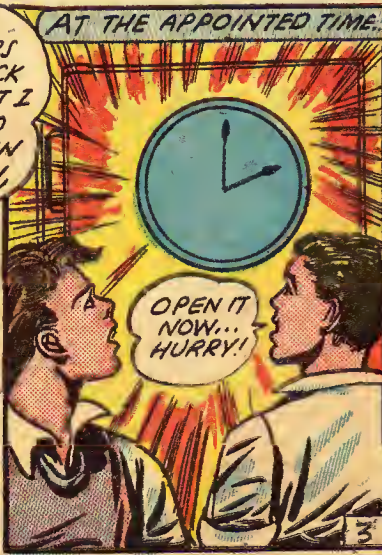
NOW, I SHALL GET INTO THE OVEN -- AS YOU CAN SEE, IT IS GETTING HOT!



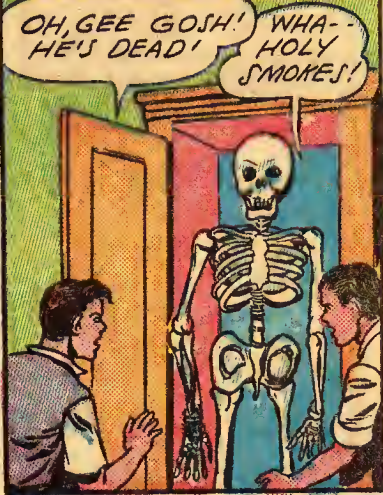
REMEMBER TO OPEN THE DOORS WHEN THE CLOCK INDICATES THAT I AM ROASTED TO A NICE GOLDEN BROWN! NOW, LOCK THE DOOR!



AT THE APPOINTED TIME...



BUT, WHEN THE BOYS SWING THE OVEN DOOR OPEN--



OH, GEE GOSH! HE'S DEAD!

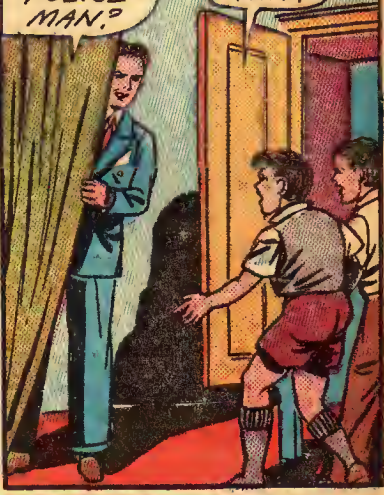
WHA-- HOLY SMOKE!

HELP! SOMETHING WENT WRONG!



GOSH-- GET THE POLICE!

DID SOMEONE WANT A POLICE-MAN?



MR. REE! HOW DID-- WHY?



OH, GOSH! WHAT A TRICK!

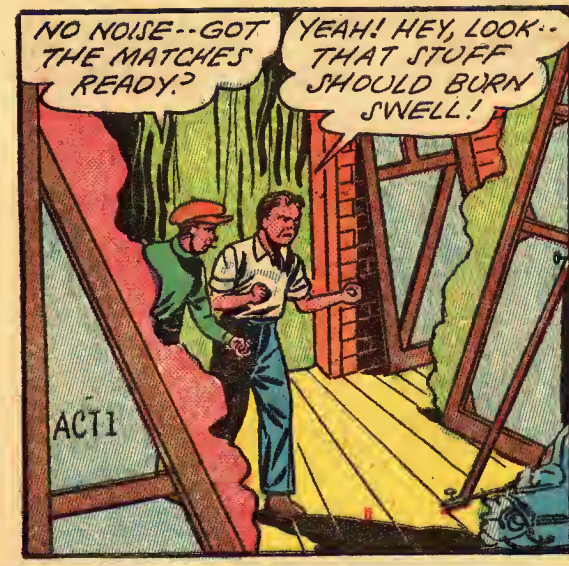
SORRY THAT I SCARED YOU, BUT NOW I'LL EXPLAIN HOW THAT TRICK IS DONE! YOU SEE...



MEANTIME, AT THE REAR OF THE CLUB BUILDING--

HURRY UP, MIKE-- GET THAT WINDOW OPEN!

I'VE GOT IT NOW!



NO NOISE-- GOT THE MATCHES READY?

YEAH! HEY, LOOK-- THAT STUFF SHOULD BURN SWELL!



IF THIS DON'T BREAK UP HIS ACT, NOTHIN' WILL!

YEAH! AN' THIS PLACE IS FIRE-PROOF SO NOTHIN' CAN GO WRONG!

HA! HA! THIS IS A GOOD JOKE!

ACT I

HEY, MIKE, LOOK OUT-- THAT STUFF IS CATCHIN' TOO FAST!

C'MON-- WO GOTTA GET OUT!

LIKE A LOT OF GOOD JOSES, THIS ONE BACKFIRES!

HEY-- WE'RE TRAPPED!! WE CAN'T GET OUT!

HELP! HELP!

AT THIS MOMENT, ON STAGE!

HELP! FIRE!! ALL RIGHT, BOYS, WALK OUT QUIETLY!

REE GOES BACKSTAGE IN ANSWER TO THE FRANTIC CALLS FOR HELP!

GOOD HEAVENS! THAT LOOKS LIKE TWO BOYS CAUGHT BEHIND THAT WALL OF FLAMES!

HELP- PLEASE!

UNHEESITATINGLY, MR. REE GOES THROUGH THE FURIOUSLY BURNING FLAMES!

THAT OVEN TRICK WAS SMALL STUFF COMPARED TO THIS!

HERE, BOYS-- PUT THIS OVER YOUR HEADS, BEND LOW, AND MAKE A TOUCHDOWN DASH THROUGH THOSE FLAMES! HURRY NOW!

SPLIT SECONDS LATER, THE THREE RACE THROUGH THE INFERNO TO SAFETY!



THAT WAS
A CLOSE
CALL,
KIDS!

(SOB) WE
ALMOST
GOT BURNED
TO (SOB)
DEATH!

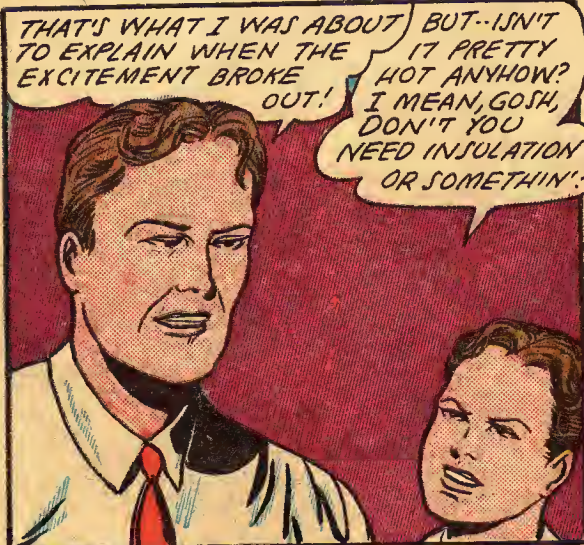


SO IT'S YOU TWO AGAIN!
I KNOW YOU AREN'T
BAD BOYS, BUT HAVE
YOU AN IDEA NOW
OF HOW DANGER-
OUS JOKE'S
CAN BE?

MR.
REE,
ARE
YOU ALL
RIGHT?

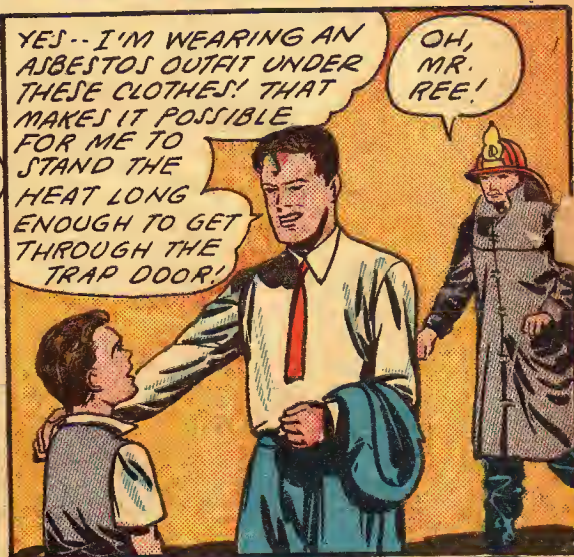


YES, TED! YOU SEE, LUCKILY
THIS SUIT I'M WEARING
IS SATURATED WITH CHEMI-
CALS TO MAKE IT FIRE-
PROOF FOR
THAT OVEN
TRICK!



THAT'S WHAT I WAS ABOUT
TO EXPLAIN WHEN THE
EXCITEMENT BROKE
OUT!

BUT--ISN'T
IT PRETTY
HOT ANYHOW?
I MEAN, GOSH,
DON'T YOU
NEED INSULATION
OR SOMETHIN'?



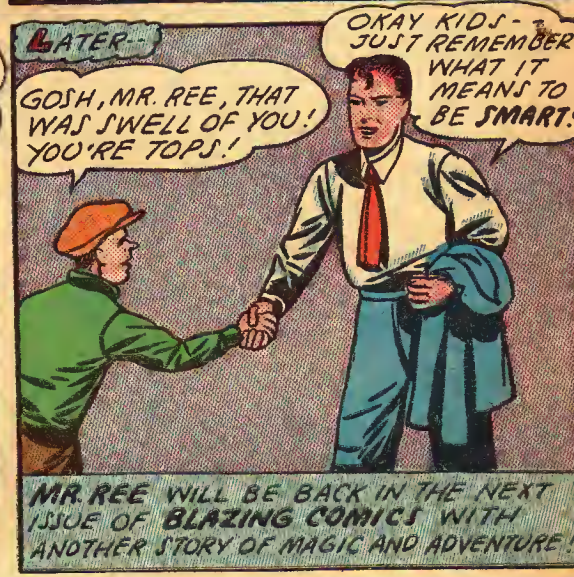
YES-- I'M WEARING AN
ASBESTOS OUTFIT UNDER
THESE CLOTHES! THAT
MAKES IT POSSIBLE
FOR ME TO
STAND THE
HEAT LONG
ENOUGH TO GET
THROUGH THE
TRAP DOOR!

OH,
MR.
REE!



THE BLAZE IS UNDER
CONTROL--NOT MUCH
DAMAGE! BUT, HOW
DID IT
START?

GOOD--UH, YOU
SEE, I WAS DOING
MY 'OVEN' ACT
AND-- WELL, JUST
CALL IT AN
ACCIDENT!



LATER--

GOSH, MR. REE, THAT
WAS S'WELL OF YOU!
YOU'RE TOPS!

OKAY KIDS--
JUST REMEMBER
WHAT IT
MEANS TO
BE SMART!

MR. REE WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT
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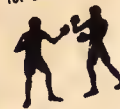
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